

The Silent Worker



MONSEigneur FREPPEL, BISHOP OF ANGERS, 1870-1891

Who, the day after the victory of the Germans, in 1870 addressed to the Prussian king the following protest: "Sir, believe in a bishop who tells you before God and your conscience: Alsace will never belong to you!"

LEON MORICE, deaf sculptor.

NOTICE!

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The Silent Worker

An Illustrated Bi-Monthly Magazine For, By and About the Deaf of the English-Reading World

Vol. 41 No. 5

Trenton, N. J., June 1929

50 Cents a Copy

Deaf Persons of Note



Harrison Musgrove Leiter, Chicago
(See page 206 for particulars)

A. L. PACH, PHOTO.

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G. Ambrossi in his atelier. Right to left—Study for *A bel*, *Cain*, *Mussolini*, Study of hands, *Nietzsche*, *Scarus*

Gustinius Ambrossi

The Celebrated Deaf Sculptor and Poet of Vienna

By L. Halberstam, Vienna, Austria

THE WORK of Gustinius Ambrosi stands unequalled among that of contemporary artists. The personality of this artist is of such a particular and special kind that it stands out far above and separate from artistic figures and phenomena living around us. A thousand mysterious sources enrich and fertilize Gustinius Ambrosi's work. The tremendous and heart-moving call of its abounding energy makes us men of the Twentieth Century thrill with an undefined and sublime awe.

Gustinius Ambrosi is a young man in Vienna who is possessed by the pristine tyranny which Michaelangelo and Rodin shared. Like the former, this young Austrian artist is precipitated from his original and tyrannic power into poetic as well as plastic creation. He is cut off from the world of sound and concentrates madly on the creation of form, but expresses his creative conceptions with a bewildering fluency in his speech. He is handsome, and his head with its high, thoughtful, forehead and curly hair bears traces of his descent from an Italian family of the Renaissance on his father's side. He showed greatness from his first childhood, and may be counted among youthful prodigies, for he was only fourteen years old when he began to produce sculptures that stand far above other works of medium quality produced by grown-up artists.

You will feel that in Ambrosi's studio there is some unknown Power holding a scourge and forcing Gustinius Ambrosi to produce in never-reposing activity work after work—for this artist is really producing as if he were

pursued by a thousand furies. He is emerging from dark mysteries, and mastering himself and the unknown and innumerable powers rushing upon him, by evolving them in the most simple and primitive forms—but in such a grand and wonderful manner, supported by the spirit of our century, that his "Adam", "Cain", all his symbolic biblical figures are as alive as if they were made out of flesh of our flesh, blood of our blood, spirit of our spirit.

Ambrosi found himself—found his way to work by an incident that you may call chance or fate—through an occurrence that impressed him so deeply that again and again he tries to express his feeling by modelling this event. At sixteen years of age, he was working as an apprentice on a building, when it happened that a workman at his side slipped and fell down from the scaffold. He lay crushed in the street, with his neck broken. Out of the terrible impression the young artist received from this accident, he produced his first great work—"The Man with the Broken Neck." The expression of the whole figure, the desire to speak and the inability to do so, the realization of the last moment, these expressions return in each of his plastic works. We find it in the "Creation of Adam", a work of gigantic size and boldness. God's fist is dragging a man out of earth; but it is not only to life that this man is brought—at the same time God's hand casts him to earth again, whence he came. Again in "Cain", his gigantic masterpiece, in the despair of the first murderer, who really is no murderer, for he did not know what death was and that death

had come to earth through him. This work, too, expresses in a terrible scream the desire to speak and the inability to do so. The expression of despair that is shown here in such an absolute and naturalistic way, as perhaps it has never before been shown in pictorial and sculptural art—the expression that the creature is at the brink of knowledge—the presentiment of something terrible to happen—these derive directly from "The Man with the Broken Neck."

Let us look at Gustinus Ambrosi's latest great work, "Icarus." Again we find this expression. The terrible, torturing, and affecting expression is the main theme. "Icarus" is the man cast down from the greatest height to the lowest depth by the Almighty. He not only rushes down into the waves of the sea with frightful and frantic impetus, he is falling back into his own breast. Every line and muscle in this great work returns and runs into the expression of Ambrosi's early work.

Between this last great work and the first lies a period of only fourteen years. When you examine and think of what Gustinus Ambrosi has produced during this short enough time, you can scarcely understand that one man, alone, has been able to bring forth this titanic work. You can easily deduce from this work that here begins the real dedication of the sculptor's art—the beginning of his grandest period—and that after this "Icarus" we can expect Ambrosi to realize our highest expectations—that henceforth comes the essential—that the many busts and statues in marbles and bronze produced before (there are hundreds of them) were merely the preparation for what is now to come. There is certainly no artist in our century, and perhaps in former times, who at thirty-one years of age has produced such a large number of works of such a grandiose quality. In the noblest and best sense of the word he is a master, one of those who appear only once in a century, and a man who is so strong in his individuality that a hundred other men could live on it.

There are a plenty of sources feeding Ambrosi's genius. Although it seems futile to determine an artist's masters and preceptors, you are instinctively tempted to say that it is the school of Michaelangelo and of Rodin that influenced Gustinus Ambrosi's art. But, without counting that, it only testifies for the capacity of an artist when you say that he chooses Michaelangelo and Rodin for his masters—which is still not strictly true of Ambrosi. Of course Ambrosi, like every other productive genius, has stood under Michaelangelo's spell, and the manner in which he works his material tempts one to comparison with Rodin, but for a long time Ambrosi's art has surpassed anything he could learn from observing the splendor of these two geniuses. Ambrosi's art comes out of himself—he needs no leader nor master—his genius alone leads him.

First of all, his work is a product of thought. Only when the sculpture he wishes to model has been formed, and shaped in his mind with every detail clearly seen, does he set to work with the material. Often he speaks and writes for years about a sculpture, and then when he begins to model, the long-thought-of work is completed within a few weeks. The intensity with which the artist works when the rage to produce comes over him flares up like a firebrand and nothing can smother this holy flame that blazes until the work is wholly completed. Because the artist produces with such energy and impulse, all his sculptures manifest something so incomprehensible, conquering, tremendous and fascinating that every person who looks at them remains captured by their sublime grandness. Life—the inexpressible, unearthly, and living force that you will find in each of his works—that is the

secret of Gustinus Ambrosi's art. His art is living.

It is not by words that we can express this fluidum full of secrets. His works are so full of force and of will, his plastic art is so expressive that it cannot be described by the art of words. We can say this only of the most prominent artists of all times, those whose fame survives the century in which they live. Truly, Gustinus Ambrosi's work is a monument of our time, and goes worthily to join the monuments of past periods. Upright and proud, Michaelangelo's and Rodin's works give the world an everlasting proof of greatness. Today we can say: "The third monument will be Gustinus Ambrosi's work."

We have said that in this sculptor reigns the thinkers. The portrait of this man will be more harmoniously comprehensible and complete when we state that Ambrosi is also a poet, and that his poetic works would mark him as an artist. His sonnets, *terzines*, songs, and poems are works of art. In his "Sonnets to God", "Sonnets to Shakespeare", and "To Michaelangelo", and in a series of letters which have been edited by Fritz Karpfen (a great writer in Vienna), and published by the Thyrsos Publishers of Leipzig, he has expressed the springs of his inspiration. The poet speaks in the sculptor, or the sculptor in the poet. His verses are full of the melodic song of life and feeling, and well-rounded like a sculpture. A thinker is speaking in them—a sculptor and a poet—and these three speaks, too, in his poetic and philosophical essays, in his diaries and letters, and in his handwriting.

He has made several large grave memorials, and while he has celebrated great men in their deaths, he has also made portraits of living great men like August Strindberg, Richard Wagner, Frederick Nietzsche, Richard Strauss, Gerhart Hauptmann and Benito Mussolini, among others, full of keen character, observation, and on the whole, faithful naturalism. These heads and many others, he makes of types, and his further studies of torsos, taken in conjunction with his many studies of hands, serve to indicate the range of his research. He has exhibited already at Rome in 1924, at the Vienna Secession in 1925, and at the State Museum in 1926. He is now in Paris to make a portrait of Briand, and will shortly return home to Vienna. He has a few works in New York, in private collections, one in Chicago, and one in Ohio.

Only a solitary man—a man who stands like a tower in the midst of the everyday bustle and looks beyond it towards Infinity unto the limits where heaven and earth join—only such a person can be a man like Gustinus Ambrosi. The solitude which he craves, due not only to the fact that he lost his hearing by brain fever at the age of seven, makes him so strong and apart. He is aware that he is a son of our time, and that the events occurring in our period influence his works, as well as the fact that he is a synthesis of three combinations of blood—his father, a direct scion of an Italian Renaissance family, his mother, gifted with wild Hungarian blood, but during generations a German. He is already of long Austrian descent, for his great-grandfather was mayor of a small town in Steiermark. It is due to his international origin that he stands high among his contemporaries. This young artist is living among us, producing nearly every day some new work of art, his genius endowing the world with grand works. Lonesome, he walks along the path of life. He is still—and that is the best praise you can bestow upon him—an artist who is progressing, a man who has brilliant prospects before him. Nothing hinders his future progress—he steps forward and his path is for us men of the Twentieth Century a monument in his works.

Celebrates Golden Wedding Anniversary



DUDLEY WEBSTER GEORGE and Mrs. Carrie Hathaway George, pictured above, recently celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. They are both deaf. They were married in Chicago, August 20, 1878, by the late Rev. Austin W. Mann, the second deaf person on record to have been ordained a minister, and who was the missionary to the deaf in the midwestern field.

Both of Mr. George's parents were also deaf, and both were born in Kentucky and were educated in the Kentucky School for the Deaf at Danville.

Mr. George was born at Fulton, Mo., January 10, 1855, while his father was then serving as instructor in the Missouri School for the Deaf, located there. His mother died during his infancy, and in 1860 his father returned to Kentucky taking Mr. George, his only child, with him. Mr. George who could hear and speak perfectly in early childhood was sent to country schools in various places in Kentucky. He lost his hearing just as he had completed his grammar school course. He finished at Gallaudet college, Washington, D. C., graduating with the degree of B. A. in 1876.

This college was originally styled the National Deaf Mute college and was and is yet the only college for the deaf in the world. It was organized in 1864 during the troublesome days of the Civil war with the official sanction of President Abraham Lincoln. Its first president was Edward M. Gallaudet, a son of Rev. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet who founded the first school for the deaf in America at Hartford, Conn., in 1817. The name of the college was changed in honor of the elder Gallaudet.

A few weeks before he graduated Mr. George's father died, leaving him the sole surviving member of the family. In 1877 he removed to Illinois and has been a citizen of this state ever since. He served three years as instructor in the Chicago Day School for the Deaf. In 1882 he was appointed instructor in the Illinois School for the Deaf at Jacksonville. In 1922 he was retired on a pension after having served 40 years without missing a single day on account of illness.

Mr. George is a lineal descendant of Captain Samuel Gill who served three years in the War of the Revolution. By virtue of this descent his daughter, Mrs. Vira George Wolpert, has become a member of the Daughters of the Revolution.

Three generations of Mr. George's family have served as instructors of the deaf—his father 10 years, his daugh-

ter fourteen years and himself forty-three years.

Mrs. Carrie Hathaway George was born in Chicago, Nov. 13, 1855. She is a lineal descendant of two families—the Babbitts and the Hathaway—who emigrated from England in 1639 and settled in Taunton, Mass. These two families remained on terms of close intimacy many years and frequently intermarried. Both furnished soldiers for the war of the revolution, one of them being Colonel John Hathaway. One of Mrs. George's ancestor on her mother's side was Josiah Bartlett who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Mrs. George became deaf in early infancy. Her mother who had never met a deaf person before, and who had

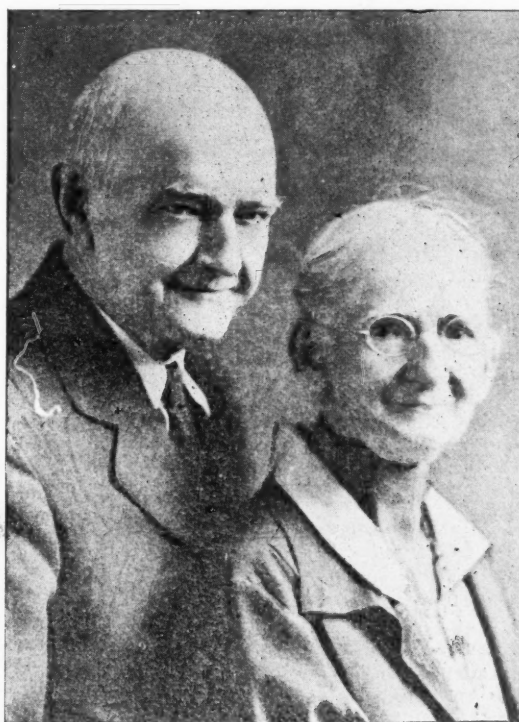
never heard of efforts to instruct the deaf, by indomitable perseverance succeeded in teaching her to speak and to read on the lips with extraordinary proficiency. In 1864 she was sent to the Illinois School for the Deaf. At that time instruction in schools for the deaf in speech and lip reading was not as general as it is now-a-days. The efforts was concentrated upon teaching them to read and write, in which they achieved marked success. The proficiency of the little girl in speech and lip reading created a furore among educators of the deaf and the public in general. She was frequently put upon exhibition and held up as a shining example of what the deaf might accomplish as was, later, the blind and deaf Helen Keller.

The union of Mr. and Mrs. George was blessed with five children the first three of whom died early. Their daughter, Mrs. Vira

George Wolpert resides in St. Louis. Her husband, Ferdinand S. Wolpert, whom she met while teaching in the Montana School for the Deaf, is now occupying the chair of botany in the Principia of St. Louis. Mr. and Mrs. Wolpert have three children.

The youngest of Mr. and Mrs. George's children, William O. George attended the public schools of Jacksonville, then Whipple Academy of Illinois College, then graduated from Lombard College and finished by taking an oil geology course in the University of Minnesota from which he graduated in 1919. He has since been employed as geologist by various oil companies in Wyoming, Mexico, Kansas, Roumania, Northern Africa, Argentina and Colombia. He was married to Miss Lillian McHale, a college mate whom he met in Lombard College in Galesburg. They have no children.

Mr. George, the younger, served in the Twenty-Ninth Regiment of Engineers during the World War. Mr.



Mr. and Mrs. D. W. George

Wolpert also went overseas and served with the eighty-eighth division.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE RECEIVE A GIFT

On Sunday, August 19, the day preceeding the wedding anniversary, a large party of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. George from Jacksonville and other places in Illinois assembled at their home in City Place and made merry with them.

They sprung a surprise upon the couple. With Mr. E. P. Cleary as their spokesman they presented a subscription of a handsome pile of shining golden dollars as a testimonial of their esteem and good will.

Addressing the couple Mr. Cleary spoke substantially as follows:

During the summer, friends of Mr. and Mrs. George got wind of their approaching anniversary and prepared to celebrate. The Gallaudet Club appointed a committee with E. P. Cleary as chairman to receive voluntary subscriptions, hoping to raise a purse of fifty dollars. It was later decided to accept subscriptions from persons outside of Jacksonville and an announcement to that effect was made at the State Convention in Peoria.

Funds continued to accumulate until their sum aggregated much more than the original goal of fifty dollars. On the appointed day a number of deaf friends of Mr. and Mrs. George gathered together and proceeded to their home on City Place. There Mr. Cleary, as spokesman, presented the purse to the happy couple, with a few appropriate remarks. Mr. Cleary referred to the long years of unselfish labor given to the deaf by Mr. George and brought messages from former students who had benefited by his instruction. He also spoke of Mrs. George's loyalty and unflinching devotion to her husband and his work.

Mr. George replied as follows:—

When I was initiated into the Kappa Gamma society of Gallaudet College at the Detroit Convention of the National Association of the Deaf in 1920, and had ended my journeyings through mysterious regions astride the horned quadruped, and stood facing the awful presence of the Grand Mogul, I was called upon for a speech. I was too dazed by the magnitude of the occasion to spread myself, and blurted out, "What shall I say?" The Grand Mogul replied, "When you have nothing to say, say it." I reflected for a moment, and decided that the point was well taken, bolted for the nearest seat and sat down.

Similarly at the Reunion of the Alumni Association of the Illinois School for the Deaf in 1926 I was called over to meet some of my old friends. I was again called upon for a speech I could not dodge my friends of ten, twenty, thirty, and forty years' standing by taking refuge in my seat. I could at least say how glad I was to see them after so many years of separation. Then it turned out that I was the recipient of a birth-stone ring as a token of their unending good will. I have worn that ring ever since to remind me that the world is not so cold as it may seem at times.

And on this occasion it is up to us, my wife and I, to express the gratitude we feel that so many of our friends from near and far should assemble under our roof to bid us good cheer on our golden wedding anniversary.

Your spokesman, Mr. Cleary, had just recounted the reasons which prompted our friends to make recognition of our golden wedding in a more substantial form than in kindly words. While we are profoundly grateful for this expression of good will to us by our friends, we neither expected nor desired any such recompense for any little aid we have rendered. The joy of lending a helping hand to our fellow-man has been a more than sufficient recompense. We have found from experience that there is truth in the words of the Lord Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The disposition to help others all I can has always come natural to me, and I never thought it worthy of any special mention. I remember I was living on a farm in Central Kentucky during the dark days of the civil war in 1862. I was seven years old then, and I had just started going to school. There were numerous slaves on the farm. I would go to the cabin of one of them and teach a grown woman the lessons I learned from a primer at school. It was a great delight to me to do this. While I was at college I was always glad when my fellow students came to me for assistance. While I was at college I was a member of several societies that were governed by parliamentary rules. I became familiar with these rules. When I left college I had hoped to make my home in Danville, Ky., where the school for the deaf was located. I was planning to use the experience I had gained at college for the benefit of the society the pupils then had. My hopes were not realized however, and I had to bid farewell to my old Kentucky home and come to Illinois. I found a society in Chicago and promptly became a member of it and did all I could to promote its welfare. Some years later I became a teacher in the Illinois School for the Deaf. I found the boys and girls had two separate societies. They were under the direction of officers who had their own ideas of the proper way of conducting proceedings. Later Messrs. Cloud and Hasenstab arrived at the school "hot from college" and organized the young America Literary Society upon the model of the literary society they graduated from at college. I became a member of this society and did my share in helping the boys along. In a year or two Mr. Cloud and Mr. Hasenstab became missionaries to the deaf, leaving me sole mentor of the boys' society for thirty years. They have since remembered me quite handsomely with birthday gifts.

And now to those who have remembered us so kindly on our golden wedding anniversary we say, from the bottom of our hearts we thank you one and all.—*Illinois Advance*.



A. L. PACH, PHOTO.

Jessie Garrick, popular member of St. Ann's choir, N. Y., and famed as Fanwood's most graceful dancer

The Career of Leon Morice

Translated from the French of P. Pinier

By Kelly H. Stevens



HE WAS born on the 28th of January, 1868, at No. 10 Rue Saint Evroult at the spot where it opens on the square of Marguerite of Anjou, facing what were called in former times the "little walls". His father, a skillful wood-carver, made furniture in the current fashion for Angevin society. As soon as Leon could toddle into the paternal wood-shop he saw with his sharp eyes the chisel bite the oak and evoke from it flowers and masks. He received his first impressions among Louis XV sideboards and Henry II cabinets. But we soon see him, still young, escape from the artistic tutelage of his father and seek a higher path.

He had a brother, Henri Morice, older by five years and also a wood-carver, with whom he had been confused many times. Henri did not lack a certain ability and humor. He carved quickly and well these decorative heads, those grimacing fantastic masks which one sees on the under side of choir seats or on diningroom furniture. But Leon, alone, had the chisel of a master.

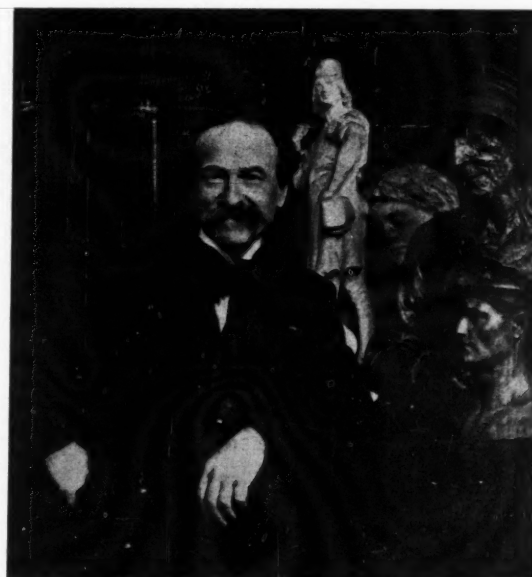
I do not mean at all that Leon was, at the age of eight or ten years, of precocious wisdom, that he never rang door-bells, nor threw stones with his playfellows from the heights of the castle terrace down the chimneys of the Saint Ligny quarter. But this lad, as was natural with him, formed the habit at an early age of observing, of meditating and living an inward life other than that led by the children who played noisily at Bout-du-Monde. It was because between him and them there intervened a cruel barrier: at three years of age, following typhoid fever, he became deaf. His observant and quiet nature, untroubled by the noise around him, noticed quickly the play of light and shadow, the flexing of muscles and nerves, what hid behind proud foreheads, and what plucked a mouth, causing it to smile or mock. His eyes, so intelligent, took on themselves the work of the ear and read in the features of others the mysterious language of souls, the impressions from within. It was even thus—by reason of his infirmity—that he developed, little by little, his talent, and that providence taught this mute to speak in stone and wood—in a way so fine and expressive and so varied.

When he was at the age when children go to school, he was quite naturally sent to one for deaf-mutes, in the institution of Saint Mary of the Forest. There he was quite at home, in the care of Sister Saint-Theotiste, his aunt, and own sister to his mother.

At Saint Mary they perceived that the little boy had imagination at his finger tips, that he created interesting trifles easily with knife and wood. Now, close by there, at Saint Martin of the Forest, there was an old artist who heard of the budding talent of Leon. He asked to see him, took an interest in him, and had him come to his shop several times a week for three or four years, to teach him the first elements of drawing and modelling. The progress of his pupil repaid him for his trouble.

Then, at fourteen years of age, Leon left the school for the deaf to return to his parents' home in the Rue Saint-

Evroult. Though he had need of his young son, on whom he founded his hopes, the father knew that he should not retard such exceptional artistic gifts; for five years he let him follow the course in the regional school of Fine Arts which was directed by a man of great talents, Mr. Brunclair. Yet, by these extra studies, he did not intend to encourage in his son ambition which he judged excessive. He wished for Leon to help him then, and to succeed him later on in his little workshop; he was a good cabinet maker, and that was all. Leon, on the other hand, since the time he had admired and drawn many antiques, had little taste for cabinet-making; he dreamed of great art; he saw himself already as the creator of lovely busts and statues which should give



Leon Morice in his studio, with some of his sculptured evocations.

him a name. He kept hidden, far from paternal eyes, a little clay which he attempted to model—he knew how well. He modeled so well that the father ended by giving in, in face of so pronounced a vocation, and let the boy follow his bent.

Leon Morice now entered into different sculptors' studios in Angers as a apprentice. He was favorably received, and attracted attention at once. They took notice of his rich imagination, of his sure taste, of his prodigious facility. He was asked to make models of mechanical toys, to execute busts and complicated statues. They readily said that he "had a paw"—that is, they say, the greatest praise one can give an artist's hand. It was during these eight or nine years of hire, between 1888 and 1897 that Leon Morice worked at the capitals and pendants of the Chapel of Saint Louis of Saumur and of the new church of Breze. One hates to speak of this time when he placed so much talent at the service of others. His modesty did not wish that he be singled out, or that anyone should over value him, because he considered himself then as but a simple workman, unknown and without responsibility. If his works were appreciat-

ed, it suited him if the glory was given to his employers. These years of apprenticeship were extremely productive. One will never know—does he know himself?—every thing which he produced.

Even then in his free hours he worked a bit for himself. In 1896 he composed *The Huns*, a high relief, still in a sketchy stage, but which already shows his mastery. This plaster cast now belongs to the Catholic University. It is difficult to photograph because of the bad lighting of the room, and above all because the shadows which the horsemen in the first line, completely detached in the round, cast on those in the next plane. But since it was done during the youth of Leon Morice, we do not hesitate to reproduce it. See what intense life animates this scene of savagery. Behold how the knowledge of

those Maecenas who start the vogue of an artist by paying him well for his signature. Paris, on the contrary, has her expositions, her annual Salon, the blare of the press, the wealth of rich foreigners, the inspiration of the great museums, and the encouragement of lucrative orders.

Paris drew Morice. One of his busts was welcomed at the Salon of 1909; his *Child with Lizard* was mentioned in the Salon of 1910. It was in this year of 1910 that Leon Morice set up in the capital at No. 278 Boulevard Raspail. He was not seeking at all for fortune, which rests but seldom with artists, but he found fame of a solid sort, much more work than at Angers, many facilities for study, and greater rewards. During this time in order to raise his growing children without too great hardships, he was often forced to make anonymous statuettes which were issued commercially by rich manufacturers.

THE WORKS OF LEON MORICE

In order to appreciate his style, we believe it necessary for the understanding of our text to catalog his signed works, at least those which we know and which have been pointed out to us. We know that there are still many more missing from the list.

Perhaps one tells me: "To be completely informed, it should have sufficed you to ask Leon Morice." How little you know those artists! Oh well, I asked him; he gave me valuable information; but do you think he had kept copies, or photos, or the letters which ordered works, or even the recollection of all the works he has made? The gushing spring, which refills itself without end, has no care for the waters which it loses. When one of his statues wished to fly away, he opened the window for it at once and thought no more about it.

In the incomplete list, which we publish below, we omit purposely the unsigned works, even though we know a certain number of them. Thanks to the excellent photos of the Abbe Guery, and the permission of M. Paul Girard and M. August Pinguet, we are able to reproduce several examples of busts and statues. We already had the photo of *Saint Maurille*.

WORKS EXHIBITED AT THE SALON

1. 1909 *Portrait of Felix Charpentier* (medal)
2. 1910 *Child with a Lizard*. Obtained a Mention.
3. *Bust of King Rene*. Around his neck hangs a chain formed of beaks, supporting a medallion of St. Michael. Oak. Collection of P. Girard.
4. 1911 *Faun with Bear*.
5. *Bust in bronze of M. Talon*. Prefect of Angers.
6. 1912 *Old Woman*. Bust in bronze, bought by the Government.
7. 1913 *Portrait of master Paul Faure*. Bust in oak.
8. *Mediaeval Cobbler*. Statuette in oak, acquired by the Galiera Museum.
9. 1914 *Supplication*. Statue in oak, bought by the Government. Won Medal of the Second Class.
10. 1918 *The Flight*. Group in wood, acquired by the city of Paris.
11. 1919 *Resignation*. Bust of an old woman in oak. Pinguet Collection.
12. *Peasant Woman*. Head in wood.
13. 1920 *Meditation*. Bust in wood, acquired by the city of Paris.
14. 1921 *Breton Flower*. Bust in oak.
15. *Monseigneur Freppel*. Large statue in plaster.
16. *Jean Morin*. Portrait in marble of a child.



Statue of Monseigneur Freppel at Angers

the young artist had diversified the pace of the five horses and their riders, the type of Huns, and the Romans who have been killed. This interesting fragment reveals to us a little known aspect of Morice's talent. He nearly always prefers the calm studies of sculpture of character to this tumultuous manner.

In 1897—he was now twenty-nine years old—tired of being subordinate to others, he fitted himself a little studio at No. 63 Rue Franklin, at the back of a house which he rented. Not that he ceased entirely to compete for orders in the large establishments where orders go like rivulets to the river, but he expected that the patronage of his friends would soon provide him with work in plenty. These hopes were in part deceived. In spite of the warm interest which he inspired and his shining talent, Morice too often lacked work at Angers, and remained unknown outside his native city. The renown of a province has short wings. Our moderate-sized cities, when they possess merit, do not know how or are not able to give it its proper value. They do not at all attract

17. 1922 *Remembrance*. Bust in lime-wood, belonging to M. Triolet.
18. *Child as a Faun*. Bust in marble, Pinguet Collection.
19. 1923 *Monseigneur Freppel*. Large statue in bronze. This statue is erected at Angers, Place St. Croix, and in replica at Obernai, in Alsace.
20. *Fra Angelico Seeking Inspiration*. Bust in oak, property of the city of Paris.
21. *Little Son of Leon Morice*. Portrait in terra-cotta.
22. 1924 *Waiting*. Plaster statue of a woman, natural size, costume of 1830.
23. *Monseigneur Rumeau*. Bust in marble.
24. 1925 *The Archaeologist*. Statue of a child, in plaster, natural size.

RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS

25. *Saint Aubin*. Bust in wood. School of Higher Studies, St. Aubin.
26. *Saint Maurille*. (1919). Statuette in oak. St. Maurille Day School.
27. *Saint Martin Preaching*. (1919). Oak. St. Maurille Day School.
28. *Saint Martin*. Statuette in oak, another model, Madame Huau.
29. *Saint Therese*. Bust in oak. M. Xavier de la Perraudiere.
30. *Saint Genevieve*. Wooden statue. Church of St. Louis de Saumur.
31. *Saint Francis of Assisi*. Statuette in oak. Mr. Paul Girard.
32. *Monument to the War Dead*. St. Maurille Day School.
33. *Saint Joan of Arc*. Wooden statue. Church of Saint Louis de Saumur.
34. *Joan of Arc in Meditation*. Plaster statuette, issued commercially.
35. *Saint Cecilia*. Placque of lime-wood. P. Pinier.
36. *Priest of Ars*. Placque in box-wood. P. Pinier.
37. *Credence*, in walnut. The shelf is borne by two angels with out-spread wings, and supported in the middle by a host of angel heads. (about 1922). Console in lime-wood. P. Pinier.
38. *Head of an Angel*. Console in lime-wood. P. Pinier.
39. *Head of an Angel*. Console in lime-wood. School of Higher Studies, Saint Aubin.
40. *Head of an Angel*. Another. Console in lime-wood. School of Higher Studies, Saint Aubin.
41. *Meditation*. Bust of a praying woman, lime-wood. Pinguet Collection.
42. *Noel Pinot*, Priest of Louroux-Beconnais, mounting the guillotine in sacerdotal robes. Large statue in stone, erected in Angers in the Place du Ralliement.
43. *Infant Saint John the Baptist*. Statuette in box-wood. School of Higher Studies, Saint Aubin.
44. *Infant Saint John the Baptist*. Another model. Placque in lime-wood. Collection G. Bordeaux Montrieux.
45. *Infant Saint John the Baptist*. Another model. Medallion in high relief. M. Xavier de la Perraudiere.
46. *Infant Jesus of Prague*. Statuette in lime-wood. P. Pinier.
47. *Seated Virgin with Infant Jesus*. Placque in American box. School of Higher Studies, Saint Aubin.

48. *The Virgin and the Infant Jesus*. Large medallion in lime-wood in high relief. P. Girard.
49. *The Virgin and the Infant Jesus*. Carved box-wood.
50. *Head of the Child Jesus*. School of Higher Studies, Saint Aubin.
51. *Head of the Virgin*. Placque in box-wood. School of Higher Studies, Saint Aubin.
52. *The Virgin*. Bust in oak. Imitation of a Spanish virgin. P. Girard.
53. *The Virgin*. Bust in wood. P. Girard.
54. *Virgin of the Thirteenth Century, standing, holding the Infant Jesus*. Copy of a virgin in the Louvre. P. Girard.
55. *Mater Dolorosa*. Statue for a tomb.
56. *Head of Christ*. Placque in box-wood. School of Higher Studies, Saint Aubin.
57. *Crucifix*. Carved pear-wood. Madame Girard.

MEDALLIONS

58. *M. Nicholas Leroux*, engineer.
59. *Mgr. Pasquier*. Plaster, high relief.
60. *M. Marguerie*, Vice President of the Council of State.
61. *M. Peyssonie*, Councillor of the Court of Highest Appeal.
62. *M. August Pinguet*, at Angers.
63. *M. Collignon*, formerly Director of the National Institution for Deaf-Mutes.
64. *Madame Collignon*.
65. *M. Marc LeClerc*.
66. *M. Henri Coutant*.
67. *M. Deperriere*.
68. *M. Letourneau*, priest of St. Sulpice at Paris.
69. *M. H. Edelin*, formerly honorary notary at Angers.
70. *M. Mercier*, art-bookbinder of Paris.
71. *Madame de Sevigne*. Library of the School of Saint Aubin.
73. *Bossuet*. Library of the School of Saint Aubin.
74. *La Fontaine*. Library of the School of Saint Aubin.

PORTRAITS AND BUSTS

75. *Mademoiselle de Hell*. Terra-Cotta.
76. *M. Penot*, formerly priest of St. Joseph.
77. *M. Collignon*.
78. *Mgr. Malsou*, formerly priest of the Trinity. Marble.
79. *M. Joxe*, former Deputy and former Mayor of Angers.
80. *Dr. Monprofit*, former Deputy and former Mayor of Angers. Bronze, erected in front of the school of Medicine.
82. *Counsellor Laborde*. Bronze.
83. *Mgr. Freppel*. Placque in walnut. School of Higher Studies, Saint Aubin.
84. *Mgr. Freppel*. Bust in plaster, issued commercially.
85. *M. Paul Girard*, oak, manufacturer of Angers.

DECORATIVE SUBJECTS, HIGH AND LOW RELIEF

86. *Tomb of the Bullier family*, at Paris.
87. *The Huns*, Catholic University.
88. (a) *Large mantelpiece in carved oak, with head of an angel and head of King Rene*. Dr. Bouie.

FANTASIES AND DIFFERENT COMPOSITIONS

89. *Remorse*. Wood, not quite life size. David Museum at Angers.
90. *Du Guesclin infant*. Little wood-carving. Canon Urseau.

91. *A Beggar*. Statuette in oak. M. Bessonneau.
92. *A Beggar*. Another type. Statuette in oak. School of Higher Studies, Saint Aubin.
93. *Supplication*. Statuette in oak. M. Pinguet.
94. *Head of a Dutch Woman*. Pear-wood.
95. *Meditation*. Woman praying. Bust in oak. School of Higher Studies, Saint Aubin.
96. *Francois Villon*. Wood. M. Julien Chappee, Le Mans.
97. *Francois Villon*. Another model, terra-cotta. M. Julien Chappee.
98. *Breton Peasant*. Terra-cotta. M. A. Pinguet.
99. *Head of a Breton Woman*. Terra-cotta. M. Julien Chappee.
100. *Woman of Bourg de Batz*. Wood. Acquired by the city of Paris.
101. *Gringoire*. Oak statuette in old oak. In artist's studio.
102. *Gringoire*. Oak statuette, another model. M. Pinguet.
103. *Florentine Singer*. Statuette in oak. School of Higher Studies, Saint Aubin.
104. *Bust of a Monk*. Wood. School of Higher Studies, Saint Aubin.
105. *Old Monk*. Terra-cotta. M. A. Pinguet.
106. *A Dandy*. Statuette in wood. M. Bruel.
107. *Rembrandt*. Bust in wood, full torso. In the artist's studio.
108. *Head of Sakalave*. Wood.
109. *Head of Peasant Woman*. Wood.
110. *Head of a Woman with hair in plaits clustered over the ears*. Lime-wood. M. P. Girard.
111. *Head of a Woman*. Plaque in box. School of Higher Studies, Saint Aubin.
112. *Veiled Woman*. Bust in oak. Dr. P. Labesse.
113. *Head of Veiled Woman*. Oak. M. P. Girard.
114. *Head of a Young Girl*. Wood. Bought by the Government, Ministry of Agriculture.
115. *A Monastic*. Bust in oak. School of Higher Studies, Saint Aubin.
116. *The Market Woman*. Head in oak. M. P. Girard.
117. *Young Girl*, Period of 1830. Lime-wood. M. A. Pinguet.
118. *King Rene*. Bust in oak. M. A. Pinguet.
119. *A Condottiere*. Bust in oak. M. A. Pinguet.
120. *Head of a Man*. Plaque in lime-wood. School of Saint Aubin.
121. *Head of a Young Boy*. Plaque in wood. M. Xavier de la Perraudiere.
122. *Head of a Young Roman*. Pearwood.
123. *Head of a Roman*. M. Marc Leclerc.
124. *Head of a Faun*. Wood. M. Henri Coutant.
125. *Head of a Faun*. Wood.
126. *Head of a Faun*. Wood. M. Julien Chappee.
127. *Volubilis*. Head of a Faun, sculptured wood.
128. *David aiming his sling at Goliath*. Statuette in oak. M. Ferembach.
129. *David*. Same subject, differently treated. Statuette in oak. M. Laurent, Assistant Director of the Beaux Arts of the city of Paris.

Incomplete as this list is, since it lacks many signed works, and the unsigned ones are excluded, it gives at least some idea of the facility and productiveness of Morice. It is certain that he turns out much work, and with extreme ease. One work does not wait upon another. Where others hesitate or grope their way, because of bad models or bad weather Morice chisels with a sure hand. If, for some reason or the other, he is not able to make a

model or to have some one pose—I believe that this is often the case with his fantasies—he shapes rapidly from the imagination; he creates his heads immediately; he cuts them directly in the wood, and it is very rare that they do not have exactness of proportion, purity of line, naturalness, attractiveness, and spirit. We have seen him mould with his clay, without any model, all the sculptured heads of his monument to the war dead; the head of Mgr. Freppel, and that of Noel Pinot. We know that the admirable heads of the *Woman in Meditation*, and of the *Veiled Woman*, are directly carved, made without models and without preliminary sketches. One notices in the above list that the wood sculptures outnumber those in marble and bronze. Why? Because marbles and bronzes are less in demand, because of their high price. Morice does not create, except upon order. He does not have the means to store up in advance costly works which might remain too long upon his hands. He does not have at



The priest, Noel Pinot, mounting the guillotine in sacerdotal robes at the time of the Revolution. Monument in stone at Angers.

hand, like a manufacturer, abundant quantities of raw material, able machines, and capital. Alone in his studio he works only for the next sale, using the little things he finds at the wood-seller's: a piece of an old beam, logs of oak, walnut, or lime, a plank of box-wood or sorb-apple. Certainly he loves marble, as his Jean Morin proves, or his Faun or his bust of *Mgr. Rumeau*, but circumstances have made him truly a master of wood.

Oh! How he knows wood, and how he loves it! He knows that the light-colored linden, smooth and fine, suits candid young faces and feminine graces. Boxwood, less showy, with its hidden lustre and its durability which

does not fear blows, suits the most delicate plaques. Waxed walnut is pleasant to the eye, except when the veins vary too much in tone. Pear wood has something warm and deep. But for heads of character, for strong



Saint Maurille Statue, carved in oak, in the Chapel of Saint Maurille at Angers.

and grave, or aged faces, oak is necessary. Not that oak which has just been cut, but the beam from old buildings, which has dried above broad fireplaces, the scorched log of which the venerable heart harder than marble, breaks, the edge of the tool. Behold the friend of Morice. He turns it and twists it; he caresses it and smooths it; he bends it to his will. He makes of it an ascetic, like *Saint Francis of Assisi*, who stretches his emaciated hands towards heaven or *Saint Maurille*, whose right leg bends under his ninety years; monks, beggars; street sinners; bandits; fish-women; grave matrons; royal portraits. One must see him strike these blocks with all his might, with the assurance of the smith who beats iron on the anvil. He knows he will not spoil them. He sees, he divines their old scars, those given

them long ago by an awkward ax or the long hook from which a smoking lamp hung. He takes pains with these: he pours ruddy wax into the holes and fissures, and to unify the whole he puts on a bronze patina, at least when he prefers to differ the tones of the flesh and the costumes, after the manner of the Spanish master, Alonso Cano.

After reading the above, one might believe that Leon Morice is given to caprice above all, that he does not subject himself to the common rules of drawing and the chisel. What a mistake! No one knows better than he how to copy a face in following all the natural lines, all the folds and wrinkles. He is an astonishing portraitist. Not only does he get a likeness of the model with the first stroke, but he is able to divine the form of a dead person's features from a photograph, or even from memory, if he knew him in the past. No detail of art escapes his memory. And more—with Morice the form is always noble, always beautiful, often exquisite. He is a Greek.

If he treats with mastery every subject—the grave, the tender, or the pleasing, he seems drawn by preference to youthful heads. The list of his works abounds in little angels with curled hair, in statuettes of the Child Jesus, or of the Little Saint John; in young girls, young women, young men, young fauns; and these fauns become, above all, the pretext to present the play of juvenile physiognomies. Note the great variety of these springlike flowers.

Do not fear that you will find the same faces under the same titles; someone said that Leon Morice liked to frequent gardens of children and that his eyes were filled with new visions. Notice, also, how these young and pure faces diffuse in his studio an indefinable freshness of poetry. He does not seek the course or subtle voluptuary whom too many artists flatter. He declares that even his nudes, for he tells me that he has made many, have something grave and chaste. One feels that he had placed his ideals high and that he respects his good talent.

Like many masters, when he has created a type which pleases him, he does not dismiss it at once from his thoughts. He returns to it; he thinks about it again: sees it again under new aspects; and regretting not to have presented it completely before, he brings it back softly under the chisel. Just like the composer, who, a long time after having published his sonata, hears it sing again under his fingers in spite of him. Morice has subjects which haunt him, and which he repeats: beggars; singers; Bretons; old people. There are old heads, wrinkled and parchmentized, which come to tell him their troubles. He must have met them often under the peristyle of *Saint Sulpice*, or on the Bridge of Arts, or at *Bourg de Batz*, and he is not able to refrain from presenting them to us over again. But even though they all have a look of being akin, the latest ones differ widely from the first. This observation applies to his two types of David, of Gringoire, of Villon, of King Rene; and to the *Meditation*, the *Supplication*, his many virgins and his half-dozen fauns. Morice's replicas are never just like the originals—sometimes the titles alone are the same.

Even more than his fertility, more than classical correctness, his freshness and suppleness, it is meet to admire his powerful evocation—what I term unreservedly his *spirituality*. He excels in drawing thought from inert matter, in producing and reproducing on faces of wood or stone the living soul; it is by that, more than by all the rest, that he reveals himself as a great artist. How many image-makers believe that, they have portrayed a man, when all they have shown us is beautiful muscles! They lack, alas, the main thing.

Art, true art, like all true poetry, translates the states of the soul. What is it which moves us in a description, or in the painting of a landscape? It is this indefinable thing which adds to nature that half immaterial reflection of the spirit which feels. Before the same great spectacle, for example before a beautiful sunset, place two painters of talent; they render it differently because



Saint Martin Preaching. Statue, carved in oak, in the Chapel of Saint Maurille at Angers.

they feel differently. Following his feelings of the moment, each has seen under another aspect, the same lines and the same colors, and has made to predominate, almost without his willing it, those things which have charmed him the most. Rubens, having to paint the



"Supplication"

meditation of Monica and Augustine at the window in Ostia, before a great sea, could not refrain from lighting fires in the clouds and on the waves; but Ary Scheffer has felt but the contemplation of two great souls and fixed it in their estatic eyes. To feel is to give form, to eliminate superfluities, to ponder, to select, to act as a judge. If he goes about making a portrait, the true painter should do better than the photographic eye which copies brutally the shape of the subject during the half second of pose. He picks out among the lines, instead of the particular and the accidental, the general and lasting character, those things which make interesting the common human face.

If the artist is a psychologist, he studies from preference the play of a thousand means by which the soul writes its impression upon faces. This Leon Morice does. This deaf man knows marvellously the sign-language of the soul. His infirmity naturally inclines him towards it, and his art has thereby gained a manifest superiority. Morice's heads show the evidence of great feeling. They deserve better than a rapid and cursory glance. Place yourself well before them, and regard them fixedly. They will tell you what the artist has breathed into

them. Do you not see that that man with the hard eyes, with the thick and disdainful lip, is planning an evil deed? In contrast, this little girl is ingenuousness itself—you can see to the bottom of her candid soul. This young Breton girl who is praying from the bottom of her heart, does she not justify the name *Meditation* which she bears? And this poor old woman, whose eyes have wept much, does she not embody *Resignation* in herself?

Here is *Gringoire* who treads softly. What does he caress at the tip of his chin if it is not a malicious rhyme? Here is *Rene of Anjou*, a solemn and brave man, very thoughtful and a bit undeceived, who plans in his great head some new statute. I do not tell you whom he resembles, this angevin-lorrainer with his strong and irregular face. The serious child, who, playing in the sand with his spade, has uncovered a piece of a statue and rests hypnotized by his find, marvellously symbolizes *Attention*. The *Veiled Woman* whose eyelids droop softly over sad thoughts, has perhaps just returned from the tomb. The seignorial lady with blonde plaits, does she dream, with her half smile, of her absent lord? As for the *Market Woman of St. Laud*, with her impudent eyes and mouth, I imagine she is going to rail at a customer who finds her peas too high.

One can multiply examples. This predilection of Morice for sculpture of character appears even in the titles of his compositions: *The Old Crone*, *Supplication*, *The Flight*, *The Archaeologist*, *Resignation*, *Meditation*, *Remembrance*, *Expectation*, *Remorse*, and so on.

Let us stop in our study, already over long for the short space at the disposal of our little review. Other critics will take up this work later and complete it, for Morice, thank God, has not ceased to produce. Have I praised him too much? Has my ancient friendship for him covered up several faults in little matters—a few heads too small; some wrists too thick? It would be rare if a mass of work as considerable as that of Leon Morice should always be perfect in every way. I do not say that it is. But I have wished to speak well of this deaf man who does not speak. I have desired to praise highly his manifest talent—first to encourage him, next, to draw wider attention of this native of Anjou who does us such real honor.

"Darkness"

By Jimmie N. Anthony

When darkness hides the glories of the sky,
And blots from view my dear maiden's face;
Then my freed soul from my body flies,
And death clasps me in his close embrace.
Then bury me in the shade of some great pine,
Or else beside some solitary garden wall;
Where night winds o'er me never cease to chime,
Or rose leaves upon my grave mound fall.

Would that I, in my turn, should sing a glee,
Blent with the soft sweet music of the pine;
Or bow my head as great tears—free
Each morn' drop from the roses on the vine.

While high above my cold resting place,
And higher than yond towering mountain wall;
The dim moon climbs, another night to grace,
And once again upon us, darkness falls.



National Ass'n NADIO of the Deaf



Broadcasted by J. Frederick Meagher

BALLADE OF GALLAUDET!

"Time!" And again on Hotchkiss Field
Fist-flung signals flash crisp and clear!
With buff and blue for a bosom-shield
Grim ghosts, galloping, reappear—
Gaunt grey ghosts of the yester-year
Whom Sons of the Silence can't forget;
Yoemen, Knights-of-the-Idle-Ear—
Glorious ghosts of Gallaudet!

"Play!" And again they flock afield—
Battering Berg the pioneer;
Lyons and Lynch the steel-annealed;
Hubbard the crafty, free from fear;
Rosson brothers who smash and smear;
Waters and Andree champ and fret
As Wheeler and "Jumbo" Jones uprear
On battle-bulwarks of Gallaudet!

"Down!" From the distant past unsealed
Tromp the troops who would never hear!
Moore, in the melee half-concealed,
Flipping to Foltz with arm in gear;
Dynamic demon Dewey Deer
Slashes as Sanders shunts the set!
Crafts and Hughes, ye did well to rear
He-men like those of Gallaudet!

"Bang!" When life's closing-gun has sealed
Each glorious, golden, clean career—
Henley-heroes who would not yield,
Flinging Misfortune jeer for jeer,
Facing Fall-foemen sans a tear—
Their gallant gambols shall linger yet
Mid memories muted, musty, sear—
Hallowed Heroes of Gallaudet!

L'ENVOI

Sons of the Silence, sharp and sheer
Memories' archives hold you yet;
On scrolls of fame are engraven clear
Those glorious ghosts of Gallaudet!



THE SILENT WORKER
herewith goes down to fame as
the first magazine ever print-
ing an All-Time Gallaudet foot-
ball team!

"Backward, turn backward—oh, Time—in your flight!"
Thundering Herds of yesteryear tromp once again on the
"Garlic Garden" of memory (since renamed "Hotchkiss
Field" in honor of the Father of Our Football) and
parade in proud review for our exclusive benefit!

For Gallaudet College is OUR college—yours and
mine! And every educated deaf-mute takes proper pride
in its proud prestige and high traditions—whether or not
we ever cut classes there!

It is meet and fitting that this first All-Time aggre-
gation be presented by a non-Gallaudetite—I never even
saw a Gallaudet team in my life—since the author can
not be accused of favoring any particular era, class, or
fraternity.

ALL-TIME GALLAUDET FOOTBALL TEAMS

FIRST TEAM

Position	Points	Name and State	Played	Weight
ENDS	9	Charles C. Marshall, Neb....	'12-'16	175
	9	*John G. Escherich, Wn. Penn. '01-'02	160	
TACKLES	9	Thomas S. Cuscaden, Neb. '12-'15	190	
	8	*John H. Brockhagen, Iowa. '92-'96	172	
GUARDS	10	George A. Brooks, Texas. '94-'98	174	
	7	Lester G. Rosson, Tenn. '97-'01	147	
CENTER	8	Ernest C. Langenberg, Wis. '19-'23	170	
QUARTER	13	Fred A. Moore (Capt.),.....		
		Kans. '10-'14	140	
HALVES	13	George G. W. Andree,		
		Mich. '97-'01	175	
	9	Walter B. Rosson, Tenn. '94-'98	162	
FULLBACK	16	Dewey Deer,		
		Washington state. '17-'18	190	

SECOND TEAM

ENDS	8	Hume L. P. Battiste, S. Car. '08-'12	140
	8	Edward S. Foltz, Kans.	'10-'14 158
TACKLES	5	Winfield I. Roller, Colo. '10-'11	185
	5	Nathan Lahn, Kansas.	'20-'24 185
GUARDS	6	Charles E. Jones, N. C.	'98-'99 220
	5	Frank R. Wheeler, Conn.	1899 215
CENTER	6	Ralph R. Decker, Kansas. '10-'14	180
QUARTER	4	*J. B. Bumgardner, Mo. '94-'98	142
HALVES	7	Louis Masinkoff, Ill.	'22-'23 155
	6	Louis Byouk, Colorado.	'24-? 185
FULLBACK	10	Horace B. Waters, Mo. '97-'01	178.

THIRD TEAM

ENDS	8	Walter C. Rockwell, Conn.	'11-'15 160
	7	Joseph W. Bouchard, Conn.	'16-'20 155
TACKLES	4	William E. Dudley, Ky. '91-'95	180
	3	S. Robey Burns, Ill.	'14-'18 165
GUARDS	5	Ashland D. Martin, Ky. '11-'15	185
	4	*Andrew D. Hedges, Texas. '95-'98	180
CENTER	4	*Philip H. Brown,	
		Rochester, N. Y. '88-'92	185
QUARTER	3	Paul D. Hubbard, Colo. '91-'95	135
HALVES	4	Albert J. Rose, Missouri.	'22-'26 165
	3	Albert Berg, Indiana.	'81-'85 170
FULLBACK	6	Arthur B. Classen,	
		Wash. state. '11-'15	160

*Escherich, Brockhagen, Bumgardner, Hodges and Brown
are dead.

Marshall, Eschrich, Andree, Foltz and Hubbard made
various "All Southern" teams.

Weights and years played are as close as can be calcu-
lated, but are not guaranteed correct.

Selected by Experts

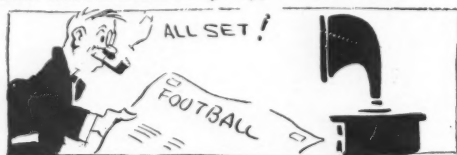
I requested exactly 34 supposed-experts, from every living period and from all over America, to submit their individual pick. The harassed 34 racked tired brains and sent patient memories galloping backwards as far as 1880, in some cases, then started to compile their honest opinions.

They started. But only eleven of the 34—one-third of experts—managed to finish their tedious task. For a task it was!

There shall be future All-Time Gallaudet lineups compiled by others; but to these patient plodders goes the honor of having been the *pioneer selectors*:

Major Vernon Birk, Berkeley, Calif.
George Wm. Veditz, Colorado Springs, Colo.
Rev. Homer Grace, Denver, Colo.
L. Alva Long, Devils Lake, North Dakota.
Coach Edward S. Foltz, Olathe, Kans.
Dr. Leslie A. Elmer (M. D.), Knoxville, Tenn.
Coach Frederick A. Moore, Trenton, N. J.
President Percival Hall; Prof. Charles R. Ely; Prof. Isaac Allison; and Coach Theodore Hughes, Gallaudet College, Washington D. C.

Helpful information was also given by several others, but only ten men sent complete lineups. The venerable Veditz named only four men for All-Time honors, but his nominees were classified anyway, out of fairness.



Kansas Leads in Stars

Note the preponderance of stars from Kansas, which has four men listed on the three teams. Three from Colorado, Connecticut and Missouri. Two from Illinois, Kentucky, Nebraska, Tennessee, Texas and Washington state. This last seems to specialize in fullbacks, as three of the seven kingpins voted for, hailed from the woods of Puget Sound—Deer, Classen and Price.

Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, North Carolina, Rochester, N. Y., Western Pennsylvania, South Carolina and Wisconsin each have one Immortal.

Other Great Gladiators

Other Goliaths of the Gridiron figuring in the voting were:

Ends—Geilfuss 6, Stutsman 5, Hower and Wallace 4, Boatwright, Haig, LaFountain, Morris, Scarvie, Shanklin, Sutherland and Wornstaff.

Tackles—Erickson 3, Ely, Taylor and Underhill 2, Falk, Hall, Mather and Winemiller.

Guards—Butterbaugh 3, Allabough, Bilger, Conley, Gardner and Reins 2, Carpenter, Garrett and Nies.

Center—Hemstreet 3, Smileau and Talbert.

Quarter—O'Donnell 3, Dyer and Hasenstab 2, Carrell, Phelps and Wilson.

Halves—Keeley and Ringle 3, Taylor 2, Barham, Brockmire, Downes, Jacobson, Mosey, Rendall Seipp.

Fullback—Arras, Lynch, Price and Sharp 3 each.

Captain—Moore gets the call with two points; only one expert thinking of designating a man for that role.

The only men still in college are Byouk, Dyer, Reins and Johnnie Ringle. The latter, playing his first year, scored 83 points—another of Kansas' Kute Kyclones.

*Experts Name 85 Different Deaf Stars*

The high-points man is Dewy Deer, who received 16 out of a possible 22 votes. The wide range of silent stalwarts starring in Gallaudet football is proven by the fact the eleven experts named just 85 different men!

Naturally records of the past fifteen years are easiest to remember. Gallaudet's last "great" team—the Fred Moore gladiators of 1910-14—were popular choices. Many of these men had a chance to play on the famous Goodyear Silents (Arkon, Ohio) between '16 and '26—when the last of Ayers' ailing war-horses hung up his cleats and deaf teams vanished from the semi-pro field.

Calibre Counts

There are so many circumstances affecting each man's record, that the passing years may dim his proper prorata of glory. The calibre of the Gallaudet team as a whole, and the class of the opposition encountered, may make or mar a man.

Pioneer System of Rating

Carefully tabulating the returns, I counted two points for each place on a first team; and gave one point for second teams, or for honorable mention. Several nominees were named at different positions; but each was properly credited with every point earned, irrespective of position. This was rather ticklish work, having no precedent to follow, as will be seen from the following examples.

Ends Marshall and Escherich each received nine points—four first team nominations and one second. I rank Marshall first, as he played five years for Gallaudet; Escherich played two seasons—his first year while a pupil of the Kendall Green school, not yet a student of the college proper. Battiste, Foltz and Rockwell came next with eight points apiece. I rank them as named. Why? Battiste—a trackman who ran the 440 in 51 seconds flat—was named for three firsts and two seconds, while the others received two first and four second team votes.

The Indian's priority is granted by reason of his preponderance of firsts. Foltz ranks Rockwell because one of the latter's ballots placed him in a back-field berth. This was hair-splitting work, and will start a dozen arguments—but it struck me as the only logical solution.

*Square, Fair Sportsmanship*

None of the 34 experts I invited to submit lineups, knew who any of the others were, I believe; so there was no change of "swapping votes." It happens that four of the eleven submitters were themselves named in the returns—Moore, Foltz, Ely and Hall—but *not one of these four sportsmen even mentioned himself*. Had Foltz voted for himself, his two additional points would have lifted him from fourth position to first.

Again came a tie for second-team guard—Wheeler and Martin each totaling five points. Wheeler not only has greater poundage, but rated two firsts and a second to the Akron War-lord's one first and three seconds.



Back to Normal

The only "Normal Fellow" on the three teams is that Wheeler—now superintendent of the first school for the deaf established in America, the Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet creation in Hartford, Conn. Wheeler came from Brown University. A "Normal Fellow" must mean one possessed of "Normal" hearing, taking a one-year post-graduate course at Gallaudet to qualify as teacher of us non-Normalites.

In those days so few men came out that it was often necessary for coaches themselves to compete on their own teams—as did Stagg of Chicago and Yost of Michigan.

The list of old time Normals rendering yeoman service on Gallaudet teams includes Wheeler of Brown, Ely (the great Yale oarsman), Hall of Harvard (now Gallaudet's president), and others down to the 1916 team—John K. Cloud (right afterwards "going over" and winning medals in the World War) being the last. As John's deaf dad was on the original Gallaudet team of '81-'85 (see Veditz's graphic description herewith) that makes the only father-and-son tradition we have.

Two Neck-and-Neck Finishes

While it is impossible to give full justice with a correct rating of all candidates suggested for consideration, I have rigidly adhered to the apparent intention of the experts when making out their lists. Two places on the third team resulted in ties. As self-appointed chairman, I decided to cast the parliamentary ballot in accordance with known facts.

For quarter, Hubbard and O'Donnell scored three points each. Hubbard gets the place by reason he was the first player in all Gallaudet history to be named on the official honor roll of All-Southern stars. That in 1895. And he never weighed over 135 pounds in those days of mass-formations, mind you!

Berg, Keeley and Ringle tie with three points apiece for the final halfback berth. Berg is given preference because of his scintillating career as coach of hearing universities. No deaf man ever excelled that record.

Know Other All-Southern Stars?

There may have been others named on past All-Southern teams, but the only ones I am reasonably certain of are Hubbard, Andree, Escherich, Marshall and Foltz. If any reader knows of others, kindly drop me a line.



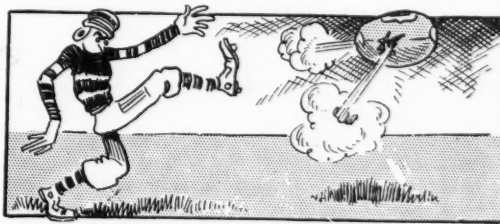
The *Buff and Blue*—monthly magazine published by the students—states Andree was once named on the honor roll of All-Americans by the late Walter Camp. I wrote Dr. Andree for confirmation, who states he has no recollection thereof. Will somebody recalling the exact year, and date of whatever publication ran the Camp compilation, please speak up?

The Birth of Our Football

George William Veditz of Colorado—past president of our National Association of the Deaf and our sole survivor of the Six Great Fighting Men of Deafdom—gives a graphic history of the birth of the game on Kendall Green herewith; a history which shall stand as official centuries hence. Boiled down:

"When I entered the (then) 'National Deaf-Mute College' in 1880, there was no football team... What we called 'football' was based on what we conceived as football from a study of Tom Brown at Rugby... Any number of men on a team; a goal defender corresponding to the present-day fullback; I filled the position until a sprained ankle put me out.

"Real football started at Gallaudet 49 years ago... Prof. John Burton Hotchkiss—unquestionably its father—bought 25 red flannel undershirts at Christmas, 1880—our only pretense to a 'uniform'... Bloodthirsty appearance... Round football of the Rugby type... Hotchkiss attended some big Eastern games; brought back a bag of tricks he taught us.



"The third year, 1882, Moffat of Princeton and Corbin of Yale, were Yale visitors; initiated us into fine points of the game... 1882 also saw our first real uniforms—canvas jackets in blue-white stripes, and white canvas pants we made ourselves... I snicker to recall how we played the needle thru that tough fabric.

"The team came into its own in the fall of 1883. I was college correspondent of the *Journal*, and started giving full-column accounts of notable games—a practice continued ever since until this past fall... Coach Hotchkiss was rooster-in-chief... Tom Lynch at full; Berg at half; Hasenstab at quarter—a great goal-kicker; Hanson at center—then called 'snapper-back'; Allabough, Davidson, Fox, Smith, Cloud are all I recall off-hand, close to a half-century later... Georgetown and Naval Academy were our regular opponents then.

"This 'Jumbo' Lynch, weight well over 180 was our outstanding star... He took the full six-year course in those days, graduating '86... Lynch later pitched for the old Chicago National under 'Pop' Anson.

"Gallaudet elevens, in the 45 years since, have met larger colleges; been better trained; used superior tactics... However we took on all the best and strongest teams within reaching distance... It may be fatuous on my part to name any of those pioneer players on the All-Time Gallaudet—but had they received the expert coaching present-day athletes enjoy, I believe they could have held their own with the best. For candidates on this mythical eleven, I would therefore name four: Lynch at full, Berg at half, Hasenstab at quarter, and Allabough at guard.

"The only man who could fairly have picked what would come nearest to being a real all-time eleven—the one man who thru 40 years saw every Gallaudet team in action—is unfortunately no longer with us; our good friend Hotchkiss. Possibly the next best authority, a man who has seen every eleven since 1891—and who himself played on several teams—is Dr. Chas. Ely. It would be interesting to have his selection.

"The foregoing, I think, will interest you as giving the genesis of football at Gallaudet—and therefore of football the country over. For the boys who left Gallaudet and became teachers at the various state schools, brought their football lore with them and initiated the youngsters."



Veditz is Our "Walter Camp"

It is by sheer luck I happened to include the greatest of our great—the aging Foch of Deafdom, the Roosevelt of all Nad presidents—among my 34 experts! Watching his big body bending beneath its burdensome bulk of brain, who would suspect that fifty years ago he was the very man registering the birth certificate of all Deafdom's football; the young whippersnapper who first issued weekly reports on the growth of our own bawling infant?

Preparation of this article has been well worth while, if only for eliciting the all-essential facts known only to Veditz. As college reporter of those days—16 years after Abe Lincoln chartered our college—his remembrance certainly exceeds that of all other living survivors!

Ely the Chief Authority

As Veditz so sagely surmises, the selection of Ely of Yale is indeed "interesting." But I do not feel at liberty to run it without his express authority. His first team tallies with the composite lineups in eight of the eleven positions; only one of his pick being an old timer altogether overlooked by us moderns. Four of his second string are also overlooked by the majority with their less extensive survey.



Some Great Old Records

A famous Gallaudet squad was that of 1887-'89, which beat the United States Naval Academy 16 to 0. J. Schuyler Long, the Iowa poet, was the quarter and field captain, with Hugh Bush, Frank Leitner and Harry Marsh in the backfield, and such men in the line as Lawrence James, Zach Thompson, W. Dobson, Chas. Hemstreet and Wm. Zorn.



Following the Annapolis victory Princeton challenged for a game, but President Edward Miner Gallaudet did not favor the long journey. Imagine the lordly Tigers and Middies condescending to play such a tiny jerk-water college as ours now! "Them wuz th' happy days."

The '97 and '98 teams were champions of the I. A. A. of Maryland and the District of Columbia.

The '98 team lost to the powerful Georgetown University eleven Oct. 19, by 11 to 0; and just a month later reversed the tables by humbling Arthur Duffey's bunch 17 to 6.



The '99 team maimed Maryland 42 to 0; and vanquished Virginia 11 to 5. That brace of 215 pound guards—Jones and Wheeler—made huge holes for Waters and Andree to ramble through. And how?

Olden, Golden Glory?

From 1895 to 1901 Gallaudet had the beefiest, burliest, hell-roaringest and most vicious conglomeration of wild animals ever unleashed on good old Edward Miner's premises. Look at this plethora of panthers, and mass of mastodons, who hippodromed without a real coach:

Ends—Wornstaff, Haig, Roth, Fister, Stutsman, Kurath and Geilfuss. Tackles—Dudley, Brockhagen, Hall, L. Rosson, Mather and Carpenter. Guards—Hodges, Brooks, Jones and Wheeler. Centers—Smileau and Hemstreet. Quarters—Hubbard, Erd, Bumgardner and Carrell. Halfbacks—Grim, W. Rosson, Barham and Andree. Fullbacks—Price and Waters. Reads almost like the All-Time team itself!



Practically uncoached, too. Give such a Beef Trust to Coach Teddy Hughes today (he learned his football at the University of Illinois summer school under Zuppke, the developer of "Red" Grange) and Gallaudet could lick Yale!

Even so, with its 123 student enrollment, male and female, Gallaudet has been giving stiff opposition to colleges having as high as 6000 students to draw from. The curious thing is that both Coach Hughes and the great Zuppke failed to make the first team while college students.

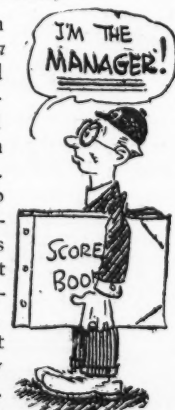
Two Sets of Rules

The lack of any real coaching system in the old day was a terrific handicap to the old timers. For example: in 1895 some of Gallaudet's opponents insisted on playing under what were known as the Yale-Princeton rules; then next week her rivals would insist on the Pennsy-Cornell rules. Of course the poor, befuddled Kendall Greeners had to shift their entire style of play to conform to the rules their lordly opponents insisted on.

Tom Thumb Tries to be Funny

While collecting this data, Tom Anderson—alleged-editor of the *Iowa Hawkeye*—sent in (by air-mail, mind you) a near-humorous selection embodying for All-Time honors the 1911 eleven he managed; with a second team recruited bodily from his 1910 misfits. "I could not do otherwise and sleep with any conscience," writes the conscientiousless cuss. "This team was lacking in football erudition their first year, and suffered from other complaints—mostly boils, chillblains running noses. One of these nearly got killed when he was hit on the head by a forward pass he was expected to catch. He had paused to blow his nose! No

need to keep my selection a secret—just tell the world that I, Tom L. Anderson, champion money-making Gallaudet manager of all-time, will go to the mat with anybody who tries to pick a single flaw in this team—from management to bottle-boy."





"Tell the world," eh? Sure; I'll tell the world that, as tender Tom failed to name the composite of his Brainless Wonders and Handy Handkerchief Handlers, the points they received in tabulation of returns resembled a bushel of fat, juicy ciphers. *Quo Erat Demonstrandum.*

Hughes' All-Gallaudet in The Times

Ted Hughes picked his all-star eleven on Gallaudet's birthday, December 10, and next day the *Washington Times* ran it full-column, with full-page "streamer." Hughes frankly admitted his selection was limited to the players he had actually studied, from 1918 to 1928. I tallied his rating as printed in the *Times*.

Now that you survey the first attempt to name All-Time Gallaudet teams, figure out where it can be improved. And save your statistics until call for a revised tabulation, someday. The vexation and annoyance occasioned by compiling ratings; verifying scorings, years, weights, initials, states, statistics, and such trifles, is forgiven in view of the amazing history revealed.

Selection is Difficult

As Ely of Yale most ably sums up the difficulty: "Selection is difficult because nominees played at different times, and under entirely different rules. It is hard to say, for example, whether the star of 1900's mass-formation would be equally brilliant in these days of open-play and forward passes."

An interesting sidelight on this point—the effectiveness of the modern game compared with the old—was the result of a series played by the lads of the Kansas school in 1916. Coached by Hubbard (third all-time quarter) the "scrubs" used the old rules, and generally trimmed the first-string schoolboys who observed the 1916 rules. The "scrubs" made effective use of such outlawed strategy as the flying wedge, guards back, turtle plays, and hidden-ball trick—more than offsetting the advantages of the forward pass.

So write your own ticket.

Did Hotchkiss Invent the "Flying Wedge"?

They do say—many years too late for verification—that Prof. Hotchkiss himself invented that fearful "Flying Wedge," instead of one of the Big Four coaches. Knowing the inside story of several good ideas that Big Bugs of Deafdom stole credit for, I can well believe it.

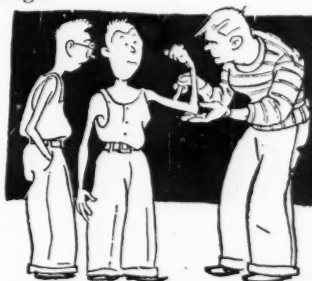


I hear an unconfirmed rumor that Zuppke admitted he got the idea for the now universally used "huddle" from watching a team of deaf-mutes. This, as you know, consists of the entire team running back ten yards for a round-robin conference before the next play, instead of having the quarterback bark a cabilistic code of signals.

And to my dying day I shall insist that I, me, myself, first applied the term "Gallopig Ghost" to Grange. The sports editor of a Chicago newspaper, who began using it a few days after I submitted a poem with that phrase, is one of many, many men claiming credit. And the danged pirate never even printed my pesky poem!

Deaf Coaches of Hearing Universities

The most outstanding performance of a Gallaudet footballer after leaving college was easily Albert Berg—halfback on the third All-Time team. In 1887 he became the first and only paid coach of "that mysterious Eastern game called 'Association football,'" at Purdue University, in Lafayette, Indiana. That was 42 years ago, and today Purdue is in the "Big Ten" along with Illinois, Michigan, etc. George Ade, writer of "Fables in Slang," played on Purdue's scrubs under Berg, and the two men established a friendship which has endured ever since. Berg later coached at Butler University, and at Franklin college.



Hasenstab, quarter on the 1883 team, was the first coach at Illinois college in Jacksonville (not Illinois University) where William Jennings Bryan had recently graduated.

And Dewey Deer (according to number of votes, the outstanding star of Gallaudet's history) is now coaching a hearing high school in Shelton, Wash. And to think I, myself, gave him his very first football lessons when he was only 14, out in old Vancouver. Pupils outstrip their teachers.

Dr. George Andree, Gallaudet's greatest halfback—who is now a wealthy dentist in Tishomingo, Oklahoma—was for a while football coach at Georgia Tech.—which beat California in the big championship game at Pasadena, New Year's. "By their fruits shall ye know them."



Good old Hotchkiss could not even faintly dream of the far-reaching influence he was exerting, when he started the game in 1880.

The Father of Our Football was unhonored and unsung
Way back when life was glad and green—when Earth and
I were young!
Oh, Earth and I are older, now; but deaf Youth, happy-
hearted,
Still! plays the far-flung football game John Burton Hotchkiss started!

Unknown, Unhonored, and Unsung!

Among many Glorious Gladiators of Gallaudet's Gridiron in the good old day, now seldom mentioned, were M. M. Taylor—considered one of the greatest all-around athletes Deafdom ever knew; Bob Lyons from Ireland; Tom Lynch—described by Hotchkiss as "the Washington Monument of Gallaudet" because he could plow up the field with from three to five men hanging on various portions of his huge anatomy; Hugh Bush—still reputed the fastest runner Gallaudet ever had; and—oh, many, many others.

Time has dimmed the memory of their valor. We young moderns are prone to believe the only great guys of glory are the ones we personally see. But—believe me—there must have been some Mighty Men of Merit in "the good old days."

Perhaps someday they may receive the credit they deserve.



Wells L. Hill, for more than fifty years editor and publisher of "The Athol Transcript," and known in the deaf world as one of its brainiest men, was claimed by Death on the 19th of last February. The deceased was an alumnus of the Hartford School for the Deaf and of Galaudet College



William George Jones, who died in New York City March 10th last, in his seventy-eighth year. He was widely known for his wonderful mastery of the sign-language and as such was in great demand as an entertainer and after-dinner speaker. His father, mother and a brother were connected with the theatrical profession, therefore it follows that his dramatic talents were inherited. The deceased was a lovable little man of cheerful disposition. He graduated from Fanwood in 1872, attended Gallaudet College, graduating with honor in 1876 and later on was honored by the bestowal of the degree of M. A. In 1876 he was appointed teacher in the School from which he graduated and remained on the educational Staff of the School to the end of the term in June, 1926, completing a service of fifty years.

The Hazleton Club Banquet

THE HAZLETON CLUB FOR THE DEAF held its fourth annual banquet at the Altamont on Saturday night, February 16, when fifty guests from this city sat down at the festive board. J. C. Reinmiller of this city was the toastmaster and the honorary guest of the evening was Edwin C. Ritchie, who is head of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf.

Next on the list of speakers was E. C. Ritchie, of Shillington, Pa., President of the P. S. A. D. He outlined the various phases of work the Society has carried on in its 48 years of service to the deaf of Pennsylvania and emphasized the fact that the motorists of Pennsylvania owe to the Society a debt they can hardly repay, since the Society has again come to serve them by having a representative at Harrisburg looking after their interests.

Mr. Ritchie felt that since he was a guest of the club he was stepping out of bounds by speaking of the P. S. A. D., but humorously gave an incident of the rooster who found a hole in the fence of his yard. Going through the hole, on the other side of the fence he found himself on an ostrich farm and presently he came across an ostrich egg. He pecked at it and found that it would roll. He kept on pecking and accidentally the egg rolled to the hole. He got it through the hole and a flock of hens surrounded it in astonishment, but the rooster eased their feelings by saying, "I am not complaining about your work, but I want to show you what others are doing."

He urged upon all present to become good citizens of the great State which had so liberally supplied them with an education and declared there was no better way of showing good citizenship than by joining the N. F. S. D., the P. S. A. D., a church and the club and stated that if any one asked which was the most important of the four he would answer with "Which is the most important leg of a chair?"

Concluding he spoke of the club as being organized on pluck and not luck. He appealed for co-operation in all things pertaining to the welfare and social enjoyment of

the deaf and stated that Hazleton was the highest club for the deaf in the State—apologizing to other clubs that may be offended, he added—highest from the altitude standpoint."

John M. Stauffer, the chairman, gave the banqueters a talk as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—We, the members of the Hazleton Club for the Deaf are glad that you are here! Everyone looks healthy with roses on their cheeks, smiles on their lips and sparkles in their eyes.

Let me ask you a question.

HOW DO YOU KNOW THE WAY TO FIND THE HOTEL ALTAMONT?

Many years ago you and I were little boys and girls, ignorant of the world. We came to the school of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf. We knew nothing; but just saw many new things. The first thing the supervisor did was to look after us by providing us with uniform suits and caps and put tags with our names on our breast. We felt humiliated and rebelled.

We passed through the halls of education and now we are able to earn our own living out in the world. Tonight we come here to meet with one another. Nobody knows what we are here for—I confess it's all a mystery to me where did we come from? Where are we going? We cannot tell. The education was of the greatest importance, this knowledge and understanding of the wonder of the world we live in.

We cannot repay our debts to our school, so let us honor that uniform cap, as it is a symbol of education. Stand up and salute to the cap, to our school, our club, and our country.

Rev. Henry J. Pulver offered the invocation.

The motto printed on the souvenir programs for the banquet was: "A great thing is a great book; but a greater thing than all is the talk of a great man"—*Disraeli*.

Those who responded to the call of the toastmaster were: M. Watrol, J. Harrington, T. Williams, J. Besussparis, J. Larocco, E. Eby.

The committee in charge of the banquet and program was composed of John M. Stauffer, chairman; Luther Peters, Joseph Larocco, Michael Kuchar, Earl Gerhard, Salvador Joseph.



Fourth Annual Banquet of the Hazleton Club for the Deaf, Hotel Altamont, Feb. 16, 1929.

The officers of the Hazleton Club for the Deaf are: President, J. Clarence Reinmiller; vice president, Luther Peters; secretary, Michael Kuchar; treasurer, Joseph Larocco; sergeant-at-arms, George Kopecs.

HAZLETON CLUB FOR THE DEAF TO EXTEND INVITATION FOR 1930 MEETING HEREE.

The Hazleton Club for the Deaf, which is affiliated

with the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, plans to extend an invitation to the state convention of that organization to meet in Hazleton in 1930.

The Hazleton organization will have a number of delegates attend the 1929 convention and will stage an intensive campaign to have the next session held in Hazleton.

Vignettes of Life — Speaking of Deaf Banqueters—



The South Carolina Association of the Deaf



THE CHARLESTON CONVENTION of the South Carolina Association of the Deaf, which met July 26-29, 1928, was the "best in the history of the organization's long period of service and usefulness", according to the consensus.

Due to the ability and untiring effort of Miss C. Belle Rogers and the splendid co-operation of the people of Charleston everything had been provided on a broad and liberal scale with every opportunity offered for entertainment, and sight-seeing and the visiting places of interest. Every facility had been given for seeing, enjoying and learning of all the beauties and wonders of the historic Charleston. In fact, it was a delightful, beneficial and educative affair for all who went there.

Hon. Thomas P. Stoney, Mayor of Charleston; Col. John D. C. Applemann, former Commissioner of the Cedar Spring School; Mr. Coleman C. Martin, Executive Secretary of Charleston Chamber of Commerce; and Dr. W. Laurens Walker, Superintendent of the school, were feature speakers on the program for the opening meeting of the eighth biennial convention. It was opened Thursday morning, July 26th, at Citadel Square Baptist Church with an invocation by Rev. Oswell Smith of the First Baptist Church.

Mayor Stoney made a fine address in welcoming us all in behalf of the city of Charleston. He said he was happy that Charleston had been selected for the second time as our convention city. He urged us to return to Charleston again for our biennial convention. He said in part as follows: "We want you to know that Charleston is a part of the state and not an isolated city. We are plain, every day citizens who are doing all we can to remain in step with the times. I hope that the program which has been arranged for you will prove of interest and that you will enjoy yourselves immensely."

Miss C. Belle Rogers delivered a cordial address of welcome in behalf of the deaf of Charleston, and Mr. C. C. Martin extended a welcome in behalf of the Chamber of Commerce which had assisted a good deal in making arrangements for the convention.

President Venal Glover responded to the address of welcome, and said the welcome was accepted with genuine pleasure and delight.

An appreciation, addressed to Mayor Stoney and to the people of Charleston, was expressed in a short but sweet recitation delivered by Miss Sarah Shokes.

Col. J. D. Applemann recalled the time when he was a member of the board of commissioners of the Cedar Spring School for eight years. He spoke of "the benefit which the education of the deaf brings to the people," and asked for the divine blessing on the work of the school. Mr. W. W. Ball, of Charleston, who is now on the board, was out of the city.

Dr. W. Laurens Walker delivered a fine, optimistic address about the school at Cedar Spring and its work, and other facts about the deaf. He said in part as follows: "Deafness is a serious handicap, but not a cause of pity or sympathy. Our schools for the deaf are responsible for the misconception of our work which is often found. This group here is a group of normal men and women who must have the contact with the outside world through pencil and pad or other limited methods of speech. Otherwise they are the same as other people." He also impressed the deaf that "a school is judged by its

graduates" and urged that each person take a foremost stand in his community.

Mr. Walker's address was interpreted by Mrs. Thackston and other speeches by Mr. Walker.

Telegrams and messages of greetings, etc., were received from Mr. W. R. Hackney, President of the North Carolina Association of the Deaf; King's Daughters of Citadel Square Baptist Church; Mr. Frank Smoak, President of Columbia Division No. 93 of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf; Rev. S. M. Freeman, Treasurer of the Georgia Association of the Deaf; Prof. J. A. Tillinghast, of Converse College, who also expressed deep regret that he was unable to be present to give an address; and Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Elmer who were on their delightful trip through Florida and consequently could not be at the convention.

Following announcements by Miss C. Belle Rogers, Chairman of the local committee an interesting recitation was given by Miss Lillian Glover on "The Homespun Dress", a song of the Civil War. The meeting then adjourned till the afternoon.

At the meeting of Thursday afternoon it was learned through the roll call that there were 75 persons present, and the number was later increased to about, if not quite, 100.

President Glover delivered his address which dealt with the association, sign language, education of the deaf, etc. The interest was, however, centered on the reference to the Dixie Association of the Deaf, the importance of which he belittled. Mr. Herbert R. Smoak, who was a member and the treasurer of the organizing committee of the society, at once took issue with the president on this question, and for a time it looked as if a general discussion would follow, but it did not.

After routine business, such as reports of treasurer, executive committee, etc., was disposed of, Miss T. E. Gaillard read her "Biography of Dr. N. F. Walker," showing "how deeply indebted the deaf of South Carolina in particular and the South in general were to this great leader."

With an enjoyable recitation of "Your Flag and My Flag" by Miss Annie Smoak the meeting adjourned for the day.

The remainder of the afternoon was given over to the movies at the Gloria, and at night there was a reception at the church and refreshments served by "Be Not Weary" Circle of King's Daughters.

The program for the meeting of Friday was short and consisted chiefly of the business. In place of Prof. J. A. Tillinghast who was unavoidably absent Mr. Wilfred V. Patterson, a young lawyer, gave a good, interesting talk about by what and how his Sunday School was organized for the deaf in Charleston. Dr. W. L. Walker added a talk that the Sunday School is a most worthy study for us all to pursue, and he urged that Mr. Patterson be given support and co-operation in his work.

Mr. Herbert R. Smoak read his paper on "Worthwhile Doings."

By unanimous vote Dr. W. Laurens Walker and Mrs. Maggie Thackston were honored with life honorary membership of the association.

The recitation on "The Boys Are There," by Miss Willie Fant was exceptionally good and thoroughly en-

joyed by all. The meeting then adjourned till the afternoon.

When the meeting of Friday afternoon was called to order there were two vacancies on the program by the absence of Prof. L. A. Elmer and Mr. Frank Smoak. These were, however, filled by Mr. Simeon Hyde, a member of the Legislature from Charleston, and Mr. H. R. Glover.

Mr. Hyde made a good, inspiration speech in which he declared that "the greatest power in any country is the people" and that the deaf, though handicapped to some extent, should feel themselves a part of the community life of any place and therefore should come forward along with others and take a stand for the right. "The Cedar Spring school is a part of the community life of the state," he assured when referring to the part that he and other members of the ways and means committee of the state legislature had played in providing funds for the school.

Mr. Glover gave an interesting talk about the deaf of Columbia, especially the Sunday School which has been in existence for sixteen years and Columbia Division No. 93 of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, the pride of the deaf of the state.

Mr. B. M. Edmundson, florist of Charleston, gave the association two vases of beautiful flowers. When called to make a speech he did it by spelling it on his own fingers. He had just learned the hand alphabet. It is as follows: "Say it with flowers." Short but laconic, and it brought laughter and applause. He was given a rising vote of thanks.

Cedar Spring and Greenville were considered for the 1930 meeting but Greenville was unanimously selected after one ballot was taken.

The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Miss Clara Belle Rogers; Vice-president, Mr. Lewis Myers; Secretary, Herbert R. Smoak; Treasurer, H. R. Glover.

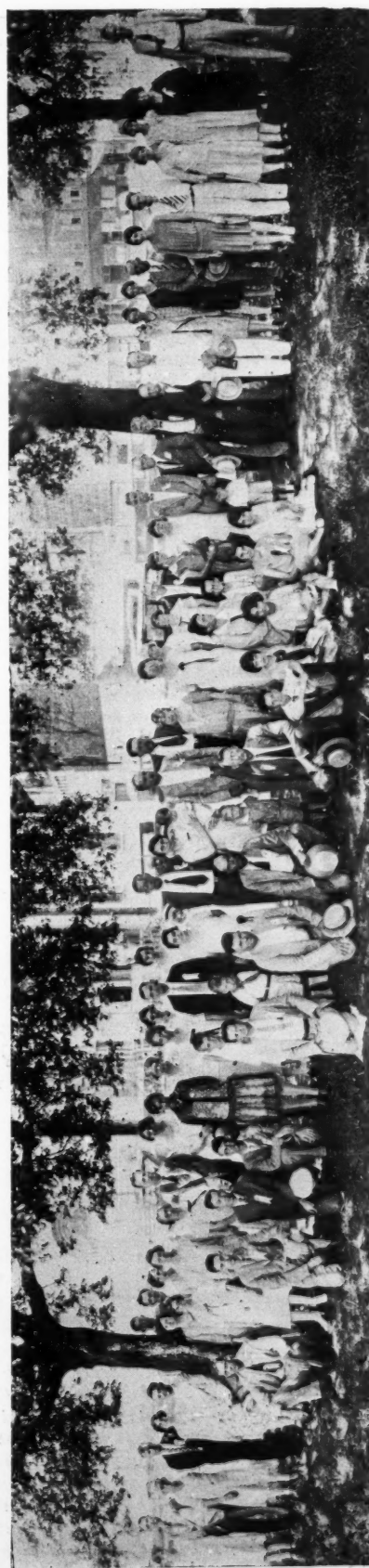
Following Mr. W. L. Smith who reported for the committee on resolutions and a solo—"We Meet Again," by Miss C. Belle Rogers, the meeting adjourned sine die with the benediction by Mr. Herbert R. Smoak.

Friday evening was given over to auto sight-seeing, entertained by the club men.

The big event of Friday night, which was enjoyed by everybody, was the banquet at Huck's Banquet Hall. There were no speeches, but as a closing feature Mr. Herbert R. Smoak made a short speech, presenting Miss C. Belle Rogers with a lovely vanity case, Mr. and Mrs. Huck with a set of fountain pen and pencil and a brooch, and Mr. Patterson with a watch chain, as token of appreciation for their valued help in making the convention a success. Mrs. Maggie Thackston was also remembered with a set of fountain pen and pencil. She has taught at the Cedar Spring school for many years, and almost every one at the convention was one of her old pupils.

Saturday was given over to an all-day outing including a visit to Folly Beach, entertained by the Elks; a harbor trip, by Admiral McCully in his private yacht; and a visit to Fort Moultrie and Isle of Palms. At Folly Beach and Isle of Palms some enjoyed surf bathing, and also there were several contests for which valuable prizes were given.

With Sunday School at Citadel Square Baptist Church, Sunday Morning, July 29, the eighth biennial convention came to an end, but it will be long remembered and cherished by all who attended it.—*Herbert R. Smoak, Secretary, in The Palmetto Leaf.*



South Carolina Association of the Deaf, Charleston, S. C., July 26-29, 1928

Interesting Children of Deaf Parents

BY PANSY

THE ACCOMPANYING pictures are of the little six years old son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Meck, of Detroit, Mich., their only child.

As the SILENT WORKER from time to time has given out productions of Children of Deaf Parents I have volunteered to send these very interesting and attractive pictures to the SILENT WORKER, as I am sure they will interest many of its readers.

They are very fine specimens of the boy himself, who seems to be a natural genius for one of his tender years.

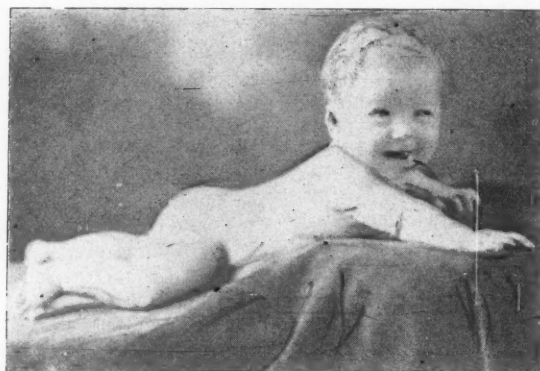
Little Arthur began his schooling last fall in the Kindergarten classes. Much to the surprise of the teachers, principal, and even his parents, he made such rapid strides that by January, 1929, he was promoted to the first grade.

The picture of him taken at the age of four months looks like a genuine piece of sculptural art. It is so perfect and so interesting it cannot fail to win many admirers.

The other evening little Arthur came to see the writer bringing with him his baby picture and in his cute little signs said to me: "Please send this to Mr. Editor." To please him I accepted it and then let him write a letter himself to the Editor. It was amusing to watch his little fingers running over the keys of the typewriter. He would not let me tell him where the right letters

were that he should strike. So I let him hunt for them, which added much to his pleasure. Telling him each time what letter to use, as he told me in signs what he wanted to say to Mr. Editor.

Mr. and Mrs. Meck are a very pleasant couple to me.



Arthur Walter Meck, Jr., taken at the age of four months in July, 1923

Both are graduates of Western state schools for the deaf. Mr. Meck was graduated from the Jacksonville, Illinois State School for the Deaf, while Mrs. Meck is from the Pure Oral School at Delavan, Wis.

Mr. Meck was born at Stockholm, Sweden, December 25th, 1877, while Mrs. Meck is a native of Wisconsin, having been born at Spring Green, Wis., November 5th, 1878.

The couple were married a few years ago at St. Johns Chapel, Detroit, by Rev. R. W. Woodroffe, rector of the church. To this union one child, the above, was born March 22nd, 1923.

Judging from present indications little Arthur bids fair some day to become a prominent educator of the deaf or, possibly, he may become a prominent statesman. His parents give him splendid discipline and training which have been the means of bringing out his present fine show of educational qualities.



Arthur Walter Meck, Jr., five years old son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Meck, of Detroit, Michigan. Little Arthur seems to be a natural genius. He can talk in the sign language as if he was a natural deaf child and bids some day to become a prominent educator of the deaf. He began his schooling only last fall in the kindergarten classes, but was last January promoted to the first grade. Mr. and Mrs. Meck have good cause to be proud of their boy.

A REAL NEED

The idea of getting Congress or somebody to establish a junior college for the deaf is a fine one. But if each state could have up-to-date and ample vocational training for its deaf boys and girls and give them enough post-graduate work in the vocational department to make them competent when thrown upon their own, much more good would result.—*The Observer*

ANOTHER ADVANCE

This month our school takes another step in the forward march of progress.

The instructor in printing, who has for the past eight years divided his time between classroom and shop, is now giving and will hereafter give his entire time to the shop, and as soon as practicable the shop will have all-day pupils receiving instruction. This work will be confined to postgraduates and pupils who have received their honorable discharge certificates. This change has been contemplated for some time.

For several years past we have tried postgraduate work in printing, without the instructor being in the shop during the greater part of the day, each boy being allowed one full year's all-day work. While this arrangement was not ideal, the result has been very gratifying. Every boy who took advantage of the privilege has made good, one of them, age twenty, making as high as \$60 a week as linotype operator on a daily paper.

Now, that the instructor devotes his entire time to shop instruction, we look for still more pleasing results. It is very probable that boys will be allowed two years' postgraduate work.—*The (Knoxville) Silent Observer.*

Unusal Friend of the Deaf and Blind



ON THE first Sunday in May, 1928, there was organized in Charleston, South Carolina, at the Citadel Square Baptist Church, a Sunday School class for the Deaf. Four members (Mr. and Mrs. George Strong,

Miss Meta Bierfischer and Frank Leonard) were present for the first meeting. From

June 6th to September 12th, there were from eight to fifteen or eighteen attending the class. Miss Clara B. Rogers, a teacher at the South Carolina School for the Deaf, who spent the summer in Charleston, never missed a Sunday attending this Sunday School. When the school opened on September 12, Miss Rogers and about eight deaf left Charleston,—leaving about six or eight, to attend Sunday School thru the winter.

The class was organized under the direction of the Rev. W. A. Huey, assistant pastor of the church. He knows Rev. J. W. Michaels well. That is how Rev. Huey came to take interest in the deaf. He helped entertain the State Convention of the Deaf held in Charleston July 25-29.

The class, held in this Baptist Church, is, however, non-sectarian. As it welcomes persons of any denomination, it has representatives of several.

This class organized May 6th, 1928, had its genesis, however, fifteen years ago in a boy's curiosity. Mr. Wilfred V. Patterson, now a clerk in the office of the Clerk

of Court for Charleston, was interested, as all boys are, in signs and signalling. At that time there was no wireless in the international code nor its successor, the radio, which has become a nationwide hobby. So young Patterson set himself to master the intricate finger language that the deaf use in conversation with each other.



Wilfred V. Patterson

TEACHER NOW PUPIL

Frank Patterson, the boy's father, and George Strong, now himself a student in Mr. Patterson's Sunday School class, were good friends as they were co-workers together in a railroad shop, and Mr. Strong offered to act as the boy's instructor, for young Patterson learned rapidly, but did not have the opportunity to use the language to a great extent until the Rev. Mr. Huey instigated a search for one capable of teaching the Sunday School class. He had come to Charleston from the First Baptist Church of Richmond, Va., where, under his guidance, a class of several hundred deaf members had been formed. Here he planned a similar endeavor and began his search for a teacher, ending with Mr. Wilfred V. Patterson. Last July Mr. Patterson explained how the work was carried on in

his class. "I have a rather difficult time getting the entire lesson taught in the class period, as I know only the letters of the language. After the State Convention, I



Sunday School Class of the Citadel Square Baptist Church, July 8, 1928

expect to learn many of the signs and this will enable me to go through the lesson more quickly. Signs, you know, sometimes stand for whole sentence and it is a job spelling out the Biblical names. At times, I have to think pretty quickly to get the ideas across in our limited time." By September 12th, he had learned about three hundred and fifty signs, and could talk well in the sign language. One of the reasons why he is so anxious to know the sign language well, is to be able to interpret the sermons to the deaf. The deaf hope he can do this next summer.

Mr. Patterson took his vacation during the State Convention, so he could be with the deaf. He attended every meeting and helped Miss Clara Belle Rogers (who worked for the Convention) all he could, and they both made the Convention a very great success, with the help of the good people of Charleston. He was presented a white-gold watch chain as a gift of appreciation by the Association.

After the Convention, Mr. Patterson entertained a number of the deaf, who remained in Charleston, several times and took them to places of interest.

Mr. Patterson also has become interested in the blind. He is one of the committee of the "Fairey Sunshine Society" for the blind. He entertains the blind monthly by getting up programs and helping in other ways. He certainly has done a wonderful work among the deaf and the blind of Charleston.

The deaf, who were fortunate to be in attendance at the Convention in Charleston last July, will carry with them thru life memories of the great pleasure afforded them in the acquaintance of Mr. Patterson. They were all very much impressed by his deep interest in the deaf. They also wish for him continued success in becoming an expert sign maker to enable him to continue his great work of benevolence to his handicapped friends.

Mr. Patterson's niece, Miss Cecile Massie, has been very anxious to know the sign language, so she can take his place at the Sunday school when necessary. She attends high school in Charleston now. She is anxious to teach the deaf when she finishes college. We wish for her success in her chosen calling.

CLARA BELLE ROGERS.

OWED TO SKIRTS

Old Adam and Eve came back, they say,
To see what the gowns looked like today.
But they turned around and went back because
They were just as scant as they used to was.

SOME SOCK!

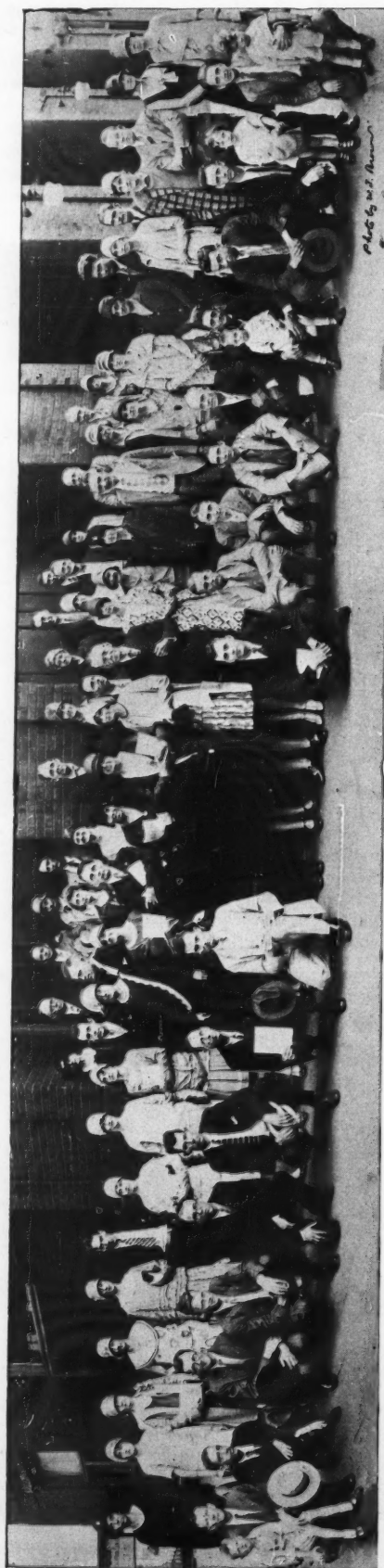
There once was a jazz-loving Dr.
Who went by the name of James Pr.
Got home late one night;
Wife started a fight;
He picked up a foot-stool and Sr.

KILLING NOT MURDER

If ever I'm shocked to death or hung
'Twill be because of a woman's tongue.
When over the phone one lisps this quiz,
"Hello there, dearie! Guess who this is."

FOR WINTER DRIVERS

This tombstone is for Jimmy Price
Who drove his car on slippery ice.
He tried to stop upon a slope,
Released his clutch. Crash. Bang. No hope.



ATLANTA'S DEAF B. Y. P. U. CLASS
The above represents the majority of the members of the Deaf B. Y. P. U. of Atlanta. In the center will be seen Mrs. J. G. Bishop, the Leader of the class and her assistant, Mr. L. B. Dickerson. The gentleman in light clothes seated is Mr. Will Jeff Scott, the Secretary and a progressive leader among the deaf. The elderly gentleman standing behind the young man seated on the right of the first row is Rev. S. M. Freeman, pastor to the deaf at St. Marks Methodist Church. Mrs. W. Gholdston and Miss Margie Weaver, other officers of the Union, are shown at the right and left of the leading officials.

Champions of the Southwest



THE TEXAS SCHOOL for the Deaf "MULES" played through one of the hardest schedules ever attempted by any team representing the School and turned in one of the best records ever made by a team of Deaf players representing the Lone Star School.

Though not a heavy team, the Silents started off on the right foot by taking the Heavy Austin High School team into camp by a 32 to 0 score, in a game which the High School coach requested that our boys stop making touchdowns about the first of the last quarter, and just turn the ball over to the High School team every time they made a substantial gain.

The Silent "MULES" of Texas, met and defeated every high school team in the State that would play them, and also defeated the strong San Marcos Loboes, an Academy team composed of boys who had completed their High School Careers, and lost to only one team, The Lutheran College of Seguin, Texas, in a game which, though the referee gave to the College Team, spectators state that the Silents crossed the College teams' goal line twice, only to have the ball taken away from them, and the touchdowns taken away also.

Probably the greatest game played by the Silents

"Mules" of Texas, was their clash with the Oklahoma Silent "Hornets", when the Silents of the Lone Star "Mules" Team turned back the Big Green Hornets without a point, in the first game ever played between deaf teams in the entire Southwest. This game drew approximately 700 fans, about 500 of whom were deaf, in spite of the fact that the game was played in Dallas, Texas, on the same date that Texas University played Vanderbilt University.

The Record of the Texas School for the Deaf, "Mule" Team is as follows:

T. S. D.	32	Austin H. S.	0
T. S. D.	39	Granger H. S.	0
T. S. D.	13	Oklahoma Silents	0
T. S. D.	38	San Marcos Loboes ...	0
T. S. D.	37	Gonzales H. S.	0
T. S. D.	53	Lutheran College ...	7
T. S. D.	3	San Marcos Loboes ..	7
T. S. D.	33	Smithville, Tex	0
T. S. D.	14	Belton H. S.	13

T. S. D.	262	Total	Opponents	27
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First row, left to right—Joseph Blanton, Fred Dooley, Robert Craig, Capt. Willie Bendele, George La Rue, Seth Crotchett, James Henderson, Claude Hensley. Second row—Lester Murdock, Barney Heintschell, Dean Frank, Edward Corbett, Milton Guest, Montie Philip, Hardy Typie, Alvin Devine. Third row—Holis Reavis, Dick Hudson, Olen Henderson, Robert Hayes, Lois McAllister, Jack Wyatt, Hoyett Barnett, E. W. Williams. Fourth Row—Coach Royal, Lawrence Levy, Joe Morton, Garland Slaughter, Irnett Bolton, Howard Wood, Morrel White, Secretary Dugan

Nearly Ninety, Climbs Mountain and Swims

By Maud Waddell



HARLOTTE, January 5.—As an example of accomplishment and demonstration over difficulties a retired teacher of the deaf in North Carolina's school, David Ray Tillinghast, of this state, himself deaf and dumb, is at the present time an individual of unusual interest. Nearly ninety years of age, Mr. Tillinghast, who is a cousin of the late Colonel Robert Bingham of North Carolina, still climbs Mount Mitchell and swims in the waters off the Florida coast and writes interestingly of his life's experience and of his personal views of the best methods of instruction for the deaf and dumb.

Mr. Tillinghast is now of three states, having relatives in this state, South Carolina and Florida, and spends his time with these kins-people. He made many friends in Asheville some years ago, as the guest of his cousins, the Bingham family at the Bingham Military School, and was particularly interesting on one of these visits when he described in sign language a trip up Mount Mitchell, his impressions being conveyed to the company present by his daughter, who is neither deaf nor dumb and who has a knowledge of her father's art of conversation with his hands. Mr. Tillinghast has been visiting his son, Prof. J. A. Tillinghast, in Spartanburg, his niece in Hartville, S. C., and has now gone to see his younger daughter in St. Petersburg, Fla., where he spends much time swimming in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

Mr. Tillinghast is deeply grateful for and interested in life, and is active and vigorous. He has traveled widely, having been across the continent many times. Upon request this remarkable octogenarian wrote the following brief of some of the more outstanding features of his interesting life, terming it a brief autobiography of an old retired teacher of the deaf:

"Eighty-seven years ago on September 1, I was born in Fayetteville, N. C., and very early lost my hearing. With loss of hearing went all memory of having heard my mother's voice and all of the words I was once able to say.

"I grew up to the age of 12, absolutely without knowledge of word language, depending for communication with my family on a few crude signs mainly invented by myself. I might have gone to school with a mind many years behind my brothers and sisters in development of mental powers and in knowledge of life outside of home environment. Fortunately an older deaf brother after being educated at a school in Virginia, came into my environment and we became inseparable companions.

We talked with each other in the sign language. I do not remember how I learned the language from him. I seemed to understand his signs instinctively, since from infancy I had been accustomed to think in pictures of things and the activities of home life. As signs are imitations of them, I easily recognized them and consequently learned them with wonderful rapidity. "My deaf brother settled down in life as a bookbinder and had some customers who had him bind volumes of

Harper's monthly and of Harper's weekly illustrated magazine. I had the privilege of looking at the wonderful pictures in them. I considered them wonderful at the time. The natural consequence was that I asked numberless questions, and the answers expanded my mind greatly beyond the previous horizon of my childhood.

"At the age of twelve years my father took me to the New York Institution for the Deaf. There I began a life of trying to master word language. I had the good fortune to be placed under several capable teachers in a nine-year course of study.

"Here I wish to assert that they never directly taught me the sign language, but merely used it to throw light on the meanings of words and phrases. Religious instruction and chapel exercises were in the sign

language.

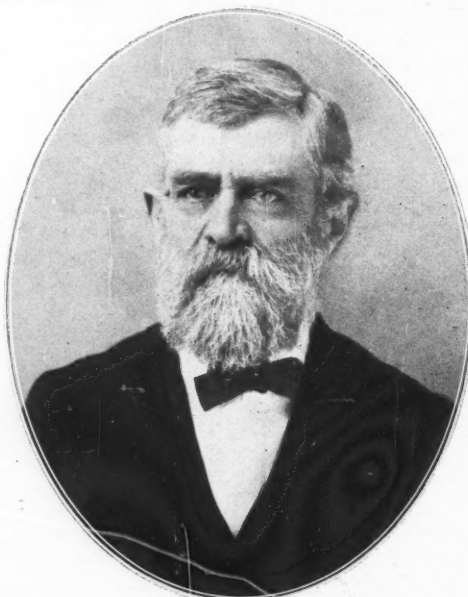
"During the war between the states I was cut off from home. In the meantime my parents passed away.

"During several of my vacations I had to stay at the institution. The school being located right on the Hudson river, gave me and a number of schoolmates the opportunity for such amusements as swimming and boating. After several weeks of practice in swimming along the shore, I felt physically able to undertake the feat of crossing the mile-wide river with a schoolmate as companion. Provided with a rowboat to accompany us for the sake of safety, I succeeded.

"In the winter of 1861, after having served as a substitute for a sick teacher several months, who finally died, I was appointed to fill the vacancy, to my surprise. Thus began my life work of teaching my "brethren of silence" for nearly half a century.

In 1867, I accepted a call from North Carolina to teach her deaf children at Raleigh. Bringing a lovely bride from New York in 1865 to help me make a happy home, reconciled me to giving up my position at the New York school with its delightful social environment.

"On our way south we had to make many changes of cars. We had to be ferried across rivers. South of Washington, and especially along the railroad from



J. A. Tillinghast

Weldon to Raleigh, we saw deplorable scenes of poverty as compared with the prosperity of the north. We passed through small towns, fields of poor corn, saw here and there a lean cow tied to a stake. We were traveling in a mixed train. It made my bride home-sick, so devastated, poverty-stricken and exhausted, did the country seem between Washington and Raleigh.

"Being happily settled for life at Raleigh, as a teacher of North Carolina's silent children, I devoted myself in season and out of season to the elevation of their mental level.

"In 1924 I moved from Raleigh with the school to Morganton where I continued to teach until 1906, when I was retired from active teaching, but was appointed chaplain. In 1916 the office of chaplain was abolished, and I moved to Spartanburg, S. C., to live with my children, giving up a beautiful home.

The educated deaf of North Carolina were much surprised at my retirement from work at the school and almost unanimously disapproved of it. They knew from experience in the school what I meant to deaf pupils.

"You ask for some of my opinions. I have several firm convictions on political as well as educational matters, all of which I do not think would be interesting, if stated, except that I think the oral method of teaching deaf children is too much used. It is so very exacting that a majority cannot learn by it as well as they would by non-oral methods. The deaf child, orally taught, has to learn two extremely hard things—speech and lip-reading. I have seen during nearly half a century's work as a teacher that it takes nearly the child's whole time to acquire a reasonable understanding of English. When a child out in life trying to read a friend's lips fails to understand the language they use, he is completely discouraged. He believes his lip reading a failure, drops it altogether and depends on pad and pencil. He thinks of the years he spent in trying to learn lip-reading and speech wasted, and wishes they had been devoted only to the learning of more language than he knows, and the acquisition of more general knowledge.

"The supporters of the oral method may think I am merely prejudiced, but I am 'from Missouri' and want to be shown demonstrated results of its success, not at school but out in life. I have never seen but two or three really successful lip-readers, though I have been at many conventions of graduates of the schools. I would like to see a gathering of orally taught persons at a picnic exchanging ideas and jokes only by word of mouth. Such a scene will never be seen, I am certain.

"The span of my life is long enough for me to have seen two different civilizations. In my childhood and youth I saw only hand tools in building and farming.

"I saw, for instance, carpenters hard at work planing weather boards many days. Now they are displaced by machines, so wonderfully devised to save labor as to always fill me with wonder. I ate meals cooked in the open fireplace. Only last summer I enjoyed things cooked on an electric range. What a contrast. During one winter Raleigh was so much mud-blocked that it was impossible for people from the country to come in. Fayetteville Street was literally a strip of watery mud. I remember being amused at the facetious introduction of bills in the Legislature to establish a ferry across Fayetteville Street. Once several weeks after Christmas I sold a dozen eggs, which I happened to find in my chicken house, for ninety cents, simply because country eggs could not be brought in, so impassible were the roads."—*Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

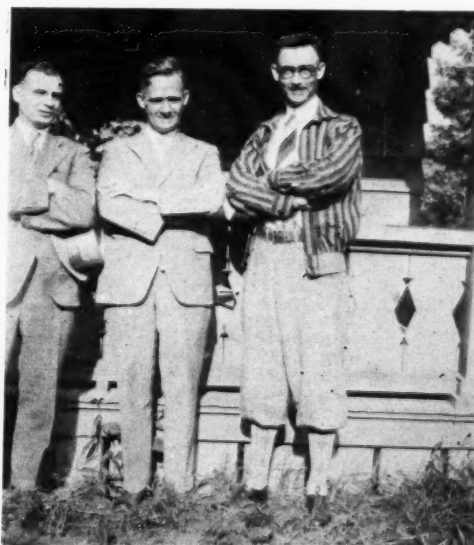
A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men.



Mrs. J. S. Long, Edward A. Stevenson and Dr. J. S. Long at the Iowa School for the Deaf in November after attending the conference of Superintendents and Principals at Knoxville, Tenn.

TOO TRUE

A little fly flew thru the flue
Where all the family had the flu.
The fly flew thru the fluey air
And took a chew from each one there.
All had the flu. He caught it too.
From Uncle Tru, Aunt Lou and Sue
And once again flew thru the flue.
To pass it on as all flies do.



Three brother "Frats": Ferdinand McCarthy, Detroit Division No. 2; Robert Hogan, Columbus Division No. 18; Lawrence Smy, the Buffalo Division No. 40. Partaking of good cheer and bathing at Crystal Beach, Canada.

Thomas Scott Marr, Architect

By Mrs. J. B. Chandler

PICTURE yourself a little lad in the second grade room of a large public school. A busy, happy group surrounds him, reciting, singing, listening to the teacher. But he sits alone and is so lonesome. He has been in the second grade for three years and the teacher has given him up as hopeless.

Then look at the picture I saw last December as I entered the offices of Thomas Scott Marr, architect, famous all over the United States and very famous in Tennessee. I was met at the door by a young lady of most efficient appearance, who asked my name and business. Did I have an appointment? "No, but take my name in, anyhow." She returned, immediately and ushered me into the inner office. The architect sprang up, shook hands and after the usual inquiries asked me if I would mind waiting a few minutes, he was very busy.

I looked about me at the busy scene. There were two stenographers busily clicking away at typewriters. Two engineers bent over one of the architect's large tables, studying a large drawing. About the room stood knots of other engineers scanning blue prints and now and then glancing at the little group at the desk, eager for a word with its central figure.

What a contrast! For the center of all this eager attention was none other than the lonely little boy of the three years in the second grade.

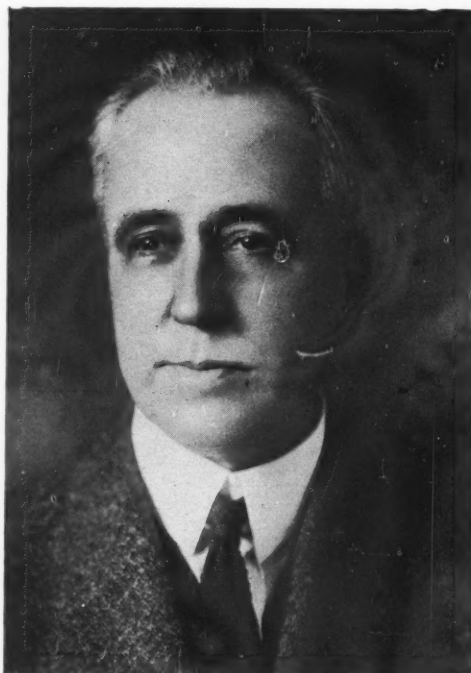
But don't get the idea that this little boy was dull. Far from it. He had entered the second grade when he first went to school, proving that he could read and write before he ever sat in a schoolroom, which only bright children much beloved by their parents can do. But he was partially deaf, having stood a siege of scarlet fever at

the very tender age of two weeks! And then, later, like many other deaf children, he was the victim of the pampering of parents who loved too well but not wisely. Each parent thinks his own deaf child different from all others, and many of them try to enter their deaf children in the public school, dreading to send them to the so called "asylum." They imagine it a place where all the little deaf boys and girls wear checked pinafores and large

sailor hats and march solemnly from one building to another. When the children write home to tell of marble floors and white dining rooms with chicken and ice-cream every Sunday, the parents think they have been forced to write the accounts and come to see. They find it all true, except the floors, which are tile, but just as beautiful.

But we must go back to the lonely little boy in the second grade. The superintendent finally decided that the parents must send him to the school for the deaf at Knoxville. His mother wept. But he went. He entered school in 1877, being then eleven years old.

At that age he did not even know how to add. In the public school his teacher had failed to elucidate the simplest work in arithmetic. However, little Tom found a way to "get by." When the teacher wrote columns of figures on the blackboard for the pupils to copy and add, he would copy the totals from other pupils' work. The teacher thought he



Thomas S. Marr

did the work himself.

The late Superintendent Thomas L. Moses, then principal, took a personal interest in Tom. He was his first teacher, having him in his classroom for two years. During this time the boy, under the skillful tuition of Mr. Moses, progressed so rapidly that he soon made up for the time he had lost in the public school. He became



Thomas S. Marr Architect, giving instructions to contractor before work on an excavation is started.



One of four offices of Marr and Holman in Stahlman Building, Nashville, Tenn. Mr. Marr, on the right is discussing a building plan with his partner.

a wide-awake, energetic and eager pupil. The world seemed more beautiful and life became pleasant and more desirable. These two years opened up an entirely new world to him, and he took a new and intense interest in life.

Next to Mr. Moses, his best loved and most patient teacher was Miss Kate Ogden, who taught him algebra and Latin and prepared him for entrance to Gallaudet College, then called the National Deaf-Mute College. He passed these examinations so well that when he arrived he was given the first choice of bedrooms allotted to the freshmen, an honor accorded only the head of the class.

His average grade while in college was 75, the grade which has been confessed to by many great men, neither too high to be a dreamer nor too low to be a failure. He was the usual happy college student, enjoying a good time and never giving a thought to his choice of a life work. He had the usual dream of the young man of that time—of getting rich via the chicken business route.

Just invest in a hen and twelve eggs, beg a soap box from the corner grocer, get some straw from a barn and start counting your chicks, forgetting such little items as feed and the "gapes." His father laughed him out of the idea. His mother, with the usual fearful hopes for a child that is handicapped, thought he would be a carpenter, a builder of houses, which was in a sense prophetic. He is a builder—not with his hands—but his brain.

He graduated from Gallaudet with the class of '89 and one week later entered an architect's office at the magnificent salary of \$2.50 a week. Realizing this work called for special training, he took a year's course in architecture at Marr Institute of Technology. He then received a raise, twelve dollars to be exact.

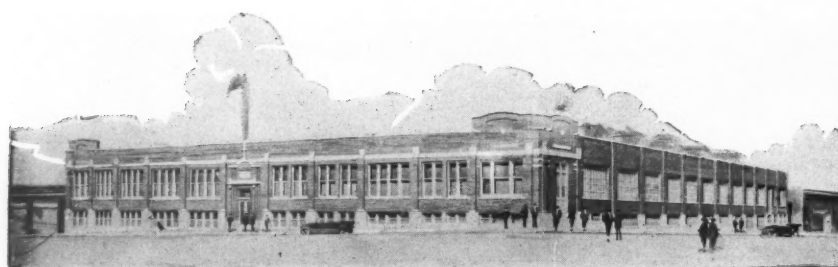
After five years he had a saved up capital of \$500 with which he opened an office of his own, paying \$10 a month rent. For ten years he struggled with meager returns, often tempted to give up. He says he held on



Seniors of Class of '89, Gallaudet College Top row—Thomas S. Marr, C. W. Charles and E. C. Harah. Lower row—Schwartz, Hemstead, J. S. Long, Harry Van Allen and Lawrence James. All of them ready for the battle of life.



Thomas S. Marr, 1921, at the height of success in his offices, as an architect.



Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn. Marr and Holman, architects.

because he did not know what else to do, but his friends know it was grit and tenaciousness.

And now romance entered his office. Not love, for Mr. Marr never married, but the romance which is always a halo around the man who takes in a poor newsboy that later becomes a partner and repays his benefactor a hundred-fold. For such was the beginning of Mr. Marr's now prosperous and wealthy partner. Mr. Marr persuaded Joe Holman to give up newspaper selling and help in his office. He taught him architecture, which he readily learned. They stuck together under the most trying circumstances.

Mr. Holman became such a valuable assistant that his fame spread to other architects. One big firm offered him a permanent position at \$10,000 a year, but he refused to leave Mr. Marr. Needless to say, he has never regretted this decision.

Although Mr. Marr never married, he has been in close touch with the romances of others. His partner loved the daughter of wealthy parents who opposed the match. They were secretly married. The bride's irate father set about taking her away from him. But Mr. Marr met the father, extolled the virtues of his young protege, his capacity for work and his promise in life. So all was

forgiven and Mr. Marr was never disappointed in the faith he had placed in this man. He has been of great assistance, supplying in part the lack of hearing, which was Mr. Marr's first handicap in securing contracts. On this account, Mr. Marr is a firm believer in a deaf man with special talents having a hearing partner. His partner gets the contracts and Mr. Marr personally designs the buildings.

Their net income now averages \$75,000.00 a year. From their first expenses of ten dollars per month their expenses now total many thousands per year. He has designed many beautiful buildings, such as public schools, county schools, state normal schools. He designed the \$150,000 baseball grandstand at Toledo,



Thomas S. Marr, starting in business as a struggling architect in a small office, paying \$12 a month rent, Nashville, Tenn. Taken in 1902

Ohio. Beautiful theatres, big hotels and luxurious apartments in many states testify to his genius. Among his designs best known to the deaf is the Tennessee School for



New hotel building, Huntsville, Alabama, designed by Thomas S. Marr, personally. \$1,000,000.00 to build; 250 guest rooms, each with bath and shower. To be completed January 1930



Thomas S. Marr, architect. April 1909, in his office Chamber of Commerce Building, the beginning of his success after ten years' struggling

the Deaf. Although now in use it is still in process of building, as a hospital and an industrial building are to be added. The gymnasium, completed last spring, is worthy of special note. It has two swimming pools which Mr. Marr thinks is unique among schools for the deaf.

In spite of his busy life Mr. Marr has found time for wide reading and selfculture. He has a tiny device, his own invention, which helps his hearing and enables him to move with ease among his hearing friends. He has a beautiful home in one of Nashville's most exclusive residential districts and a summer home at Marr's Hill, Beersheba Springs, Tenn. He has travelled extensively,

but even in his recreation he cannot forget his beloved art. He keeps studying the architecture of buildings wherever he goes. He was recently honored with the degree of Master of Science at Gallaudet College.

He is a philanthropist, but few know it except those benefited. He has contributed largely to subscriptions for memorials to men honored by the deaf. His is the refinement of a clear eyed, clear-thinking student of the things of God. Being a philosopher, it is easy to imagine him saying, "God closed my ears to the petty noises of the world that I might the better vision beautiful buildings."

Angelenograms

By Augusta K. Barrett



LECTURE courses, night schools and the like, established to help hearing adults in self-education are of no use to deaf adults except in a few exceptional cases, and yet there are so many of the average deaf who are only half educated. This fact was recognized and discussed at one of the recent N. A. D. Conventions and the project of establishing a Lecture Bureau and having one or more Traveling Lecturers was suggested, but nothing ever came out of it. Philanthropists and educators who establish such courses seem to have overlooked the deaf or their attention has never been directed to the matter. These thoughts were suggested after a recent visit to the Los Angeles Public Library. We were helping a relative locate a friend employed in the Juvenile Department and this brought about a meeting with the Second Assistant Librarian, Miss Kennedy, daughter of Prof. Kennedy, for many years a teacher of the deaf at the Iowa and Illinois Schools. Under her guidance we saw many of the departments not open to the general public; perhaps it should here be stated that this is the magnificent new library finished about two years ago. One of the desks in the rotunda is the "Reader's Adviser's Desk," and Miss Kennedy grew enthusiastic in explaining the aid given here, particularly to people who had a limited education and now have leisure for reading, but need help in arranging their reading courses. Assistance is given to individuals in the selection of titles or short lists of books. If it is desired, definite, systematic courses of reading will be planned for the reader along special lines, and the best books suggested for general or cultural reading. Courses on subjects of interest, ranging from literature to science from art to religion, biology, psychology and sociology, have been prepared by specialists and published in pamphlet form by the American Library Association. Each course consists of a brief introduction to the subject, authoritative and illuminating, followed by the recommendation of a few outstanding books to be read in progressive order. Miss Kennedy described several cases of people following the courses, who told the Reading Adviser how much they enjoyed and were benefited by them. She suggested and we agreed with her, that these "Reading With a Purpose" courses are of a nature that could be pursued by deaf students and lovers of literature.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boss celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary the evening of December 30th, 1928,

with a party to which about fifty of their friends were invited. They received many nice silver presents, among them a case containing a half dozen each of silver tea spoons, salad forks, and dinner knives and forks. This popular and social couple came here from Chicago about seven years ago, and were well known in Wisconsin, Illinois and Minnesota. During the evening they were induced to tell something of their romance and wedding, and unusual events which happened while on their way to Brainerd, Minn., a story known to only a few of their intimate friends. They were married on December 30th, at Duluth, and the night of January 1st found them at a small town where they had to change trains, and as their train was not due till the next morning they went to a hotel. Mr. Boss related some of the story, then it was continued by his wife. She particularly remembered her lovely new muff, into which she had put her new gloves and purse and hung it on a post of the bed. During the night she awoke almost suffocated from smoke, and woke up Mr. Boss, and he found the hall full of smoke, and they crawled out of the window onto a sloping roof, in a 30 below zero temperature; from this perch they were rescued by firemen and taken to a nearby hotel. After relating this far Mr. Boss remembered another incident. He said that on retiring that New Year's night he had in his grip a bottle of Scotch whisky, carried as a remedy for colds and Grippe, as was a common practice in those pre Volstead days. In a hurry of leaving the room the whisky was forgotten, also Mrs. Boss' muff. She later asked a fireman to look for her muff and it was found, a little singed, but the gloves, purse and bottle of whisky were not recovered! Just after the fire a reporter wrote an account of it, which was published in a Duluth paper and read by Mrs. Boss' father, who was sick in bed, and he seems to have thought that Mr. and Mrs. Boss had perished in the fire, as he knew they would stop at that hotel. As his wife was nervous and easily shocked he cut the item from the paper and told the family to say nothing of it to her. A day later he died, before the news came that Mr. and Mrs. Boss had been saved. They were called back to the funeral; thus happiness and sadness are mingled in their memories of their wedding.

Mr. John O'Rourke, of Quincy, Massachusetts, arrived in Los Angeles in December, on his way home from a trip to Australia and other countries. Mr. O'Rourke and his sister went with a party to the Eucharist.

Congress in Melbourne, Australia, last summer. He was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. McMann, who were "pals" of his when they lived in New York City. Parties were given for him by Mr. and Mrs. McMann



Mrs. Brysis Noah Hodges, daughter of Mrs. Grace Noah, Los Angeles, Calif.

and Mr. and Mrs. John W. Barrett, and at each party he was persuaded to talk about his trip and did so in a very entertaining manner. The countries visited and places where stops were made are comprised in the following itinerary:—Hawaiian Islands, Honolulu; Samoa, Pago-Pago; Fiji Islands, Suva; Australia, Sidney, Melbourne, and Mt. Victoria; Java, Celes, Maskacar, Sourabaya, Bativa; China, Singapore, (Manilla, Philippine Islands) Hong Kong, Canton, Mutva, Shanghai; Japan, Kobe, Kyte, Nippon, Tokio, Yokohama.

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During the second week in February Father Daniel D. Higgins, of St. Louis, conducted a Lenten Mission for the Catholic deaf of Los Angeles, at St. Joseph's Church, preaching every night and Sunday, and his services were well attended, a number of non-Catholic also were present. Father Higgins is an authority on the sign language and is the author of a book on signs, "How to Talk to the Deaf." In the preface he says in part, "A knowledge of these signs would be very useful where absolute quiet is demanded, or where speech could not be heard on account of disturbance or distance. Acquainted with these signs persons hard of hearing could hold private conversations unheard by the neighbors. Likewise the varied individual gestures and frequent misunderstandings of many oral deaf-mute pupils would be avoided with help of a manual on signs." During February and March Father Higgins conducted a mission lecture series (for the hearing) throughout the Catholic diocese of Los Angeles and San Diego. During his activity here he was a guest at the Augustinian in Whittier. The Sodality of the Catholic deaf gave him an enjoyable farewell party at the Sphinx Club's Hall the

evening of Easter Sunday. The Los Angeles *Herald* gave him an illustrated write-up in which he defends the sign language in the following words:—

"Deaf mutes are the most misunderstood people in the world," Father Higgins declared today. "They are really perfectly normal people who have lost their hearing and are thus cut off from speech and are 'dumb' in the physical sense only.

"Statistics show that deaf-mutes are doing successful work in practically every line; in fact, I guess they can make good at anything except as radio announcers."

"There is," he said, "about one deaf-mute in every 1000 people, according to the government census, and it is for these people that the sign language lectures are planned.

The author of a sign language dictionary, which gives standard signals for conversation, Father Higgins has no quarrel with the vocalists who advocate lip reading rather than the sign language for the deaf-mutes, he said.

"Lip reading is a splendid help for the deaf-mutes," he explains, "but is sometimes almost impossible to teach it to very young children and to older mutes, too, who are not adapted to that method. The sign language on other hand, is easy and natural for everyone, because it is based chiefly on natural signals which are readily understood.

"We do not spell out a word but rather act out a sentence, in the sign language, and, contrary to the popular notion, we do not use grimaces to do so.

"Long before deaf-mute children can be taught to lip read they can learn all sorts of mischief by signs. That is why the sign language is important; it enables us to get in contact with these afflicted people easily and readily and it enables the children to have correct social contacts far earlier than they could if they depended on lip reading."

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A wedding in which the Los Angeles deaf were much interested was that of Mrs. Brysis Coleman, daughter of Mrs. Grace Noah. The bride is quite well known among the deaf and now and then has acted as their interpreter. The wedding was in a famous church at Glendale and thus described by a Glendale paper:—

Mrs. Brysis Coleman, daughter of Mrs. Grace Noah, 139 West 18, Los Angeles, became the bride of Raymond Hodges,



Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boss, taken in 1904

son of Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Hodges, 419 East Colorado, at 8:30 o'clock last night, Wednesday, January 9, 1929, in the Little Church of the Flowers, Forest Lawn Memorial park. Rev.

James Whitcomb Brouger, Jr., pastor of First Baptist church, officiated. There were 125 relatives and friends present.

Mrs. Coleman wore egg-shell chiffon taffette with deep lace collar, and carried golden sweetheart roses and white sweet-peas. She was attended by Mr. Hodges' sister, Mrs. Jackie Mulholland, who was matron of honor; and Miss Helen Robbins as bridesmaid. Mrs. Mulholland wore pink georgette and Miss Robbins pink satin. They carried bouquets of sweetpeas in pastel tints. Mr. Hodges was attended by his brother, Barney Hodges. Ushers were Robert Mulholland and Jack E. Dunn.

Music was furnished by the orchestra of Glendale fire department, to which Mr. Hodges belongs. After a motor trip north, Mr. and Mrs. Hodges will reside in Glendale.

Kansas and Nebraska and other friends of Mrs. Noah and Mrs. Hodges will be interested in some other details of the wedding. On leaving the church the bride's wrap was a beautiful silk, once worn by her maternal grandmother. The handkerchief was a tatted one almost as old as the bride herself and made by the same grandmother. Before her marriage Mrs. Hodges worked in Hollywood and had several plays accepted by the Eldorado Company. Miss Robbins was a schoolmate and next door neighbor back in Lincoln, Nebraska. Mrs. Grace Emery Coombs interpreted the ceremony and Mrs. I. R. Lipsett was in charge of the Guest Book. Mr. Hodges has been on the fire department a good many years and is next in line for a captaincy. Before the marriage service the song "I love you truly," was sung by Mr. James Raikes and it was remarked that during the song and the Lohengrin processional and Mendelssohn recessional wedding march the bride in the church sang so long and happily.

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The Los Angeles Silent Club celebrated its 10th anniversary on Saturday evening, January 19, 8 o'clock, at the Pollyanna Tea Room, 682 South Vermont Avenue, with a brilliant banquet attended by about 95 persons and more would have come but were prevented by the inclement weather. Entering the banquet room from the rainy, stormy night one came upon a cheery scene—the crowd of well-dressed, happily chatting deaf, who were waiting for the signal to move towards the beautifully appointed tables which were arranged in a U. A pleasing feature was the presence of so many of the charter members of the club, and the club's mascot, the dignified stuffed White Leghorn cock was exhibited during one of the toasts. The bird was a wee chick when the club was founded and is still considered the mascot and is present on state occasions. The club has made an enviable record in providing a social center for the deaf and high class entertainments, literary programs and Moving Pictures. This last is going to mean a great deal to the deaf in future; as with the spread of "Talkies" there will be few places where silent pictures will be shown. The menu was excellent and the toasts were appropriate and generously applauded:—

MENU

	Cream of Tomato Soup	
Celery	Olives	Radishes
	Salad	
	Roast Young Tom Turkey	
	Cranberry Sauce	
Baked Potatoes		Cauliflower
	Hot Rolls	
	French Vanilla Ice Cream	
	Cake	Coffee

TOASTS

America.....Mrs. Kenneth William
The Founder (W. H. Phelps).....Leonard Fisk
What the L. A. S. C. Has Meant to the
Deaf of Los Angeles.....William Cook

A Review of the First Five Years' History of the L. A. S. C.	Mrs. Irene Haworth
A Review of the Last Five Years' HistoryMrs. J. W. Barrett
Question Mark.....	W. H. Rothert
What Is Expected of the L. A. S. C.Mrs. Earl Lewis
The Building Fund.....	Simon Himmelchein
A Prospective of 1929.....	Mrs. W. F. Schneider

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Tilley, of San Francisco, spent about six weeks of February and March in Los Angeles, as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Morton Sonneborn. The two ladies have been close friends ever since they were little girls at the Illinois School for the Deaf. The Tilleys have many friends here who entertained them with a succession of dinners, luncheons and card parties, and Mrs. Tilley gave a party for the ladies who had honored her. At one party at Mrs. Waddell's on Feb. 22nd, Mrs. Norman Lewis recollected that about 20 years ago Mrs. Tilley's parents were spending the winter in Los Angeles, and on Washington's Birthday they gave a party to about fifty of the local deaf, who numbered about that many then. A few ladies who were at the first party were present and remembered it. Surely a strange coincidence!

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Mr. Sidney W. King, having sold his ranch at Lindsay, is in Los Angeles, staying a month or so with his old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Omar Smith. He expects to visit at Little Rock, Ark., and in Iowa, traveling by easy stages towards Virginia, where he expects to make his home with a brother and sister.

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Our famous deaf barber, Isaac J. Wittwer was mentioned recently in an article in the *Los Angeles Illustrated Daily News*, accompanied by a picture of himself, his boss and a customer. Mr. Wittwer's Iowa and Nebraska friends will rejoice at this recognition. Here follows the Daily News item:

BARBEROUS! HE CUTS TALK AND THE HAIR

There is a barber in Los Angeles who has never:

- (1) Offered to bet a customer that Babe Ruth would break his last year's home run record
- (2) Offered to bet that he would not.
- (3) Told the story about the traveling salesman.
- (4) Told the story about the piccolo player.
- (5) Told any story.
- (6) Laughed at a customer's story.

He is deaf and dumb. His name is Isaac J. Wittwer and for eight years he has worked for Joseph Armond, during the time that the latter's shop at 1233 East Seventh Street has expanded from three chairs to ten. He owns his own home and according to Armond, obeys the 14 rules for sanitation laid down by the California board of barber examiners better than any other barber Armond ever saw. While the rest of the boys are giving the customers hot air, Wittwer is giving his instruments hot water.

Armond himself is the champion haircutter of the state, he says, and has a signed certificate to prove it. He is a master barber.

Jo.—"How do you like Alice?"

Jon.—"She's just a snow girl."

Jo.—Which means—

Jon.—"Sno when I ask for a date."

H. Moore—"Football is my favorite game. What's yours?"

Mamie—"Fried venison, I suppose."

L. Hopman—"How's my chances in getting through this course?"

Miss Stackhouse—"The best in years, my boy."

The Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post office in Trenton as Second Class Matter]

ALVIN E. POPE Editor.
GEORGE S. PORTER Associate Editor and Business Mgr.

The Silent Worker is published bi-monthly from October to June inclusive by the New Jersey School for the Deaf under the auspices of the New Jersey State Board of Education. Except for editing and proof-reading this magazine represents the work of the pupils of the printing department of the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

The Silent Worker is the product of authors, photographers, artists, photo-engravers, linotype operators, job compositors, pressmen and proof-readers, all of whom are deaf.

Subscription price: \$2.00 a year positively in advance. Liberal commission to subscription agents. Foreign subscriptions, \$2.50; Canada \$2.25.

Advertising rates made known on application

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith

Articles for publication must be sent in early to insure publication in the next issue.

Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless postage is enclosed. Address all communications to

THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.

Vol. 41

June, 1929

No. 5



Discontinuing The Silent Worker

THE SILENT WORKER has been published by this school for a great many years. It has made every attempt to be of service to the adult deaf of this country and many foreign countries, but for several years it has been becoming more and more of a burden. Owing to the fact that the New Jersey School has only a small number of large boys for the various industries we maintain, we found it necessary to use post-graduates to help with the production of the SILENT WORKER. When our sleeping quarters became crowded we were forced to discontinue our post graduate service. This meant that we had to cut down the number of issues in the SILENT WORKER, as explained in a former issue. After deducting agents' commissions and making allowances for combinations with other magazines, the receipts of the SILENT WORKER just about paid for our regular correspondents, postage, paper, ink, and perhaps in some years for some of the material used in the photo engraving department. This, however, did not include the salaries of the two or three employees. The main reason for discontinuing the SILENT WORKER is that its production interferes with the proper training of our boys. Its discontinuance will make possible retrenchments in our printing staff. We hope that some school, particularly a school with more large boys, will be able to continue the good work which we have supported for so long. For such a school it would be less of a burden. It is with the greatest regrets that we find it necessary to bid farewell to our faithful correspondents and to our many readers.

As soon as our clerical force can determine what is due each subscriber and advertiser for their unexpired subscriptions and contracts, the money will be refunded.

Lucky Northampton

Without much trouble the Northampton School for the Deaf has succeeded in raising by subscription the \$2,000,000 aimed at for their endowment fund. In this matter President and Mrs. Coolidge before leaving the White House used their powerful influence, Mrs. Coolidge being at one time a teacher in the school.

The interest at five percent will bring an annual income of \$100,000 for the maintenance of the school, which would appear ample for years to come. The school is a private corporation and under the leadership of Miss Carolyn Yale, now retired, the school has earned an enviable reputation.

Good For Arkansas

The Arkansas Legislature recently passed a bill authorizing the sale of 36 acres of land of the School for the deaf at Little Rock, the proceeds to be used for renovation, rebuilding and new buildings of the school. The bill was approved by Dr. Morgan Smith of Pulaski who had another bill pending for the sale of the same lands to be used for the building of a State hospital for indigent sick, to be operated in connection with the Medical College of the University of Arkansas.

The sale is expected to bring in the neighborhood of \$175,000, which is certainly large enough for Mrs. R. L. Riggs, Superintendent, to be elated over.

"The American Deaf Citizen"

The above caption is the name of the latest newspaper "of the deaf, by the deaf, and for the deaf," printed and published at Versailles, Ohio.

Volume 1, No. 1, was issue on the 22d of March, and is edited by Roy B. Conkling. The business manager is L. J. Gunkle. Glancing through the initial number, the paper impresses us that it has an able and fearless editor, one who will stand up for the best interests of the deaf. Both the editor and business manager are cognizant of the fact that the sea of deaf-mute journalism is strewn with the wreckage of previous attempts, but he has faith in his fellow deaf citizens and will make the attempt to establish on a permanent basis what others have failed to do.

There is no such word as "fail." Everything is possible and there is no apparent reason why these two courageous and brainy deaf men should not, with careful management, make a successful venture out of the enterprise.

The subscription price of \$1.00 is low enough to appeal to the deaf and there are enough deaf people in

this country to support it. *THE SILENT WORKER* welcomes this newest publication for the deaf into the little paper family and hopes that it will succeed beyond the fondest dreams of its promoters.

Most Copied

Glancing through the School publications we find that the articles on Educational matters most widely copied are those by Elwood A. Stevenson, Superintendent of the California School and Thomas L. Anderson, Principal of the Industrial Department of the Iowa School. It would indicate that the ideas embodied in the articles by these two popular educators meets the universal approbation of the fraternity.

"The Deaf of Other Days"

A new historical pageant, consisting of a Summary, Prologue, Twelve Separate Episodes, and Grand March Past, together with a summarized form for acting by the deaf and seven tableaux, entitled "The Deaf of Other Days," by Selwyn, Oxley, Officer d'Instruction Publique Des Beaux Arts Francais, Hon. Org. Secretary Guild of St. John of Beverley for the Deaf and Hard of Hearing, is out. It is to commemorate the 1200th anniversary of the death of St. John of Beverley, Patron Saint of the Deaf, May 7th, 721: and also the 400th anniversary of the birth of Pedro Ponce, first teacher of the deaf in Spain, 1520. The book is issued from Ferrier and Co., printers, 39, Westow St., S. E. 19, London, England.

Cost of Sickness to be Outlined At Conference

"What Price Sickness" as it has been studied by the Committee on the Cost of Medical Care, will be one of the subjects to be presented at the National Conference of Social Work in San Francisco June 26 to July 3. Among the groups which will hold meetings at the time of the conference are: the National Tuberculosis Association, the American Social Hygiene Association, the American Red Cross, the American Association of Hospital Social Workers, the American Birth Control League and the American Association of Psychiatric Social Workers.

Dr. Thomas Parran, Jr., Assistant Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service, and Dr. William F. Snow, general director of the American Social Hygiene Association will speak at a session planned to show the vast extent of the sickness and deaths caused by venereal diseases, and to indicate the specific measures which may be taken to eliminate the enormous economic loss, extensive suffering and hardship.

Other meetings planned for discussions in the field of health include one on the tuberculous migrant; race improvement; and health education.

All sessions of the Conference and its Kindred Groups are open to any who are interested in problems in the fields of health, child welfare, dependency, delinquency and other phases of social work. Further information may be obtained from Howard R. Knight, general secretary, 227 East Long Street, Columbus, Ohio.

Good-bye

With this issue the undersigned severs his connection with the New Jersey School for the Deaf and with this magazine after thirty-seven years and a half of continuous service. Parting from the *SILENT WORKER* is like parting from an old friend. My connection with this magazine has been very pleasant. Through it I have enjoyed the friendship of many brilliant writers in the deaf world. Through them this magazine has been able to present many articles of historical value, and the deaf in general have been elevated to a higher plane.

In retiring there is one consolation that will cling to me as long as I live—that of the hundreds of boys who were once my pupils now earning a comfortable living by following the printers' and photo-engravers' trades. The practical experience which they derived through the production of the monthly *SILENT WORKER* was of such estimable value that they found it comparatively easy to secure remunerative positions almost as soon as they left school. Their training was of the most practical and lasting kind. Almost every branch of the printers' trade was included, so that it was natural for them through precept and absorption to become efficient workers, and their success after graduation has glorified the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

But time brings many changes....New ideas....New methods....New theories....New conditions...Such is life.

Good bye,

GEORGE S. PORTER.

P. S.—should any one wish to communicate with me after June 28, please address me at 58 Sanhican Drive, Trenton, N. J.

This Last Issue

Rather than to dump all left over matter into the melting furnace we are adding a large number of extra pages to this last issue as a sort of celebration of *THE SILENT WORKER*'s "FINIS."

Unfortunate

Since June 17-21 has been selected for the Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf, in Faribault, Minn., there will be quite a few teachers of the deaf who will not be able to attend. It is unfortunate, for we know at least one school that does not close until the last week of June.

In Memoriam



IN A RECENT issue of this paper our friend "Jimmy" Reider gave a very good sketch of the life of Mrs. Margaret J. Syle as Parish Visitor of All Souls' Church. I have no desire to add to nor to take from what Mr. Reider wrote, but simply to speak of dear Mrs. Syle as I knew her personally. Her labors for the extension of her beloved church were untiring, her



Mrs. Henry Winter Syle

private charities widespread and her support of anything connected with the spread of God's Kingdom never failed. In her those in need of help, of advice or of kindly counsel always found a sympathetic and helpful friend. She seemed to see in every one, no matter of what race, color or creed, only the one great brotherhood of man.

When Rev. Henry Winter Syle, the founder and first Rector of All Souls' Church, answered the Master's call and laid down the cross to wear the crown, his widow, Mrs. Syle, took up the work her husband's hands started and did all that lay in her power to broaden

and strengthen and build up the Mission in Philadelphia for the Deaf.

The work did not stop with the immediate communicants of her own church. Many and widespread were her private acts of kindness and Christian charity through which she drew many of other denominations to attend All Souls'.

When advancing years and failing health made it imperative that she relinquish her duties as Parish Visitor, it is a remarkable fact that her home was still the Mecca to which any one in need of help or advice turned. No one ever appealed to her in vain and her heart and hand were ever open to call for assistance and the many, many recipients of her care and help will long rise up and call her blessed. Anything that in any way tended to lower her standard of Christianity was a source of real grief to her and she hoped and prayed that God would send upon His church people that peace and unity which He alone can give.

In thinking of Mrs. Syle in connection with the church I often thought of those words of the ancient prophet who, when speaking of Jerusalem, said: "Lo! I have loved thee with an everlasting love." The day Mrs. Syle was taken to the hospital she earnestly begged her son to drive the car past the church that she might see the exterior improvements that had been made since her long illness had kept her a shut-in at home. Had she a presentment that that would be her last look upon the church she so dearly loved? Who can say?

Personally I had a very great affection for Mrs. Syle and a real respect for her courage in speaking for God whenever the opportunity presented itself. During the year of her illness scarcely a day passed that Mrs. Breen and I did not in some way or other find time either to see or hear news of her, and each Sunday evening Mrs. Syle looked for us to come and give her as much of the church service as we could remember. Up to the last Friday before she passed away she was working hand and heart to get materials for stoles to fit out Mrs. Robert Fletcher, who will be ordained a deacon in June, and whom Mrs. Syle dearly loved and daily hoped to bid him God-speed when he should leave Philadelphia to enter his own field of service.

The care of the altar, the vestments of the clergy and lay readers were always Mrs. Syle's personal care. She was perfectly versed in all matters pertaining to church affairs, and for many years was the efficient President of the P. A. L. of All Souls', seldom failing to be promptly at her post of duty each Thursday.

By her death hosts of the deaf have lost a near and dear friend, the church an unspeakable and irreparable loss and her sons and daughter a loving, faithful mother—one whose whole life of loving, undemonstrative service to her God and her fellowmen embodied in her every day life the saying of the One she strove to imitate, "If I honor myself my honor is nothing. It is Christ that honoreth me."

GERTRUDE M. DOWNEY.

Philadelphia, April 12, 1929.

LITTLE THINGS IN MARRIED LIFE

It is said that there is one chance in a hundred that twin babies will be born, one in six thousand that triplets will appear, and one in ten million that...but we must not continue. There are some things too awful for words.

DENVER THUMBNAILED

J. Frederick Meagher ("Nadio")

INSTALLMENT VII—Conclusion



THE SILENT WORKER—a household tradition before most of us wore our first "frat" pins (safety-pins)—seems fated to adjourn *sine die* with this issue...At least the **WORKER** we knew...So it is meet and fitting that this last and greatest issue of our greatest magazine, should carry the last write-up of our greatest convention!

There may someday be greater conventions—and greater magazines...Perhaps...But those fatal words, "The End," bring a clutch at the heart...Like that last sight of mother's face in her cold, gray casket.

Friday, July 15, 1927...All hands on deck—women and children thirst...My final 7 a. m. dash to the *Denver Post* with copy...Says Helen Strauss, their beautiful hearing reporter: "Yours is the most profitable convention I ever covered; I mean profitable to me because of the people I met and the things I learned."

(A few months later this harmless-looking little flapper was featured in Hearst dailies all over America, for her daring invasion of the den of Denver's Swami menace—sending him to the pen. Although I work on the Chicago Hearst dailies, I never knew it until Jacob Ebin (Bronx) mailed me the page.)

I specialize on the *Post*, at Northern's assignment; yet the rival *Rocky Mountain News* gives us close competition...Best press-service over accorded any deaf convention...Investigate; find Northern's daughter Mabel is giving her entire attention to steering *News* newshounds around.

(And all the convention does for Mabel or me is treat us to free rides in the elevators.)

Unlike previous conventions, Denver shows some slight appreciation of the press by chipping in \$16.33—which buys gold pencils for the three hearing reporters doing the most work. And Miss Strauss tells me at least six persons trotted up to inform her the gifts were given at their suggestions...I happen to know all six are liars!

Right here let me warn Buffalo and other coming conventions, it is absolutely necessary proper provision be made for entertaining the press. Each paper must have the same free rides, etc., that paid badge-wearers enjoy; and each paper should be sent a free banquet ticket. Press "liaison officers" have heretofore paid in full for their own incidentals; and the "nerve" of local committees in imposing on good-natured outsiders has been monumental, at times. For example: the banquet chairman of one recent national convention (not Denver) requested me, in the middle of the meal, to leave my paid-for seat and go out in the hall to explain to the writer of a newspaper which had already given us several hundred dollars worth of free advertising, that he had no plate available for him!

No wonder hearing folks think we are ignorant freaks...It took some quick thinking and tall talking to mollify the reporter assigned to cover the banquet; but I got away with it, and he continued giving us nice publicity...For all of which the local committee did not even thank me!

So Denver is the last time I spend \$200 on a vacation

and, instead of "vacationing," furnish newspapers with free advertising copy—which does you just as much good as it does me...I'm not a fireman who hangs around the fire station on his off-day.

I ask Miss Strauss to phone around for an available newsreel cameraman; fancy I can get him a couple of good human-interest shots...She does, bless 'er!

Everyone up on his toes, resolved to make the most of this last mad glad day...Cunning Cunningham (Peoria) struts by immune to covert glances from the breakfast-begging femmes; his wife is with him...Russ Handley (Los Angeles) meanders with majestic mien; looks like his own boss, and he is—sells assorted insurance...Meeting so many \$ucce\$\$ful deaf businessmen imbues us all with proper pride in our class, and fresh zeal to tackle the bread-and-butter problem...What do women ever find to talk of so tirelessly tiresome?...Pick up stray scraps of sign-sentences from a cluster of charmers—the kind a fellow fancies his mother must have been, long ago: "Best eating place...he says to me...I wore...in a rented car, the cad...is he married...no, Barnes is a gentleman!"

Now, just what did "Hoppy" mean the other day with his: "Barnes will someday be a second-Meagher"?...Did he infer I am no gentleman, and that Barnes will soon be degentlemanized?...Or insinuate that Barnes is becoming a gentleman—like me?...Or—oh, figure it out for yourself...Then write your congressman.

Here's Roberts—Affable Arthur, the sacred icicle...His name-sign three-fingers atop, like a rooster's comb—"Cock Robin."

Emma Maser, burning blonde beaut from Nebraska, breezes by with her retinue... "Top o' th' mornin' to yez, fair colleen—and faith, where goeth our peerless Norma Shearer?" quoth I,

kinda light-hearted and breezy; why should I snub a fellow-conventioner just because she is pretty?

Miss Maser and her entourage halt...Gives me a look-over, head to foot..."Gentleman," she finally spells—with one of those dazzling smiles displaying the dentist's delight—"you resemble a famous movie star yourself."

At last! Thank Heaven! All my life have I yearned for discerning damsels to realize the classic contour of my countenance, and mistake me for a dashing movie-hero like Valentino!...Smartest and prettiest girl here, Emma Maser...Wonderful good judgment...But why that expectant look?...I bite: "Which movie star do I double for in the Kleig battery of thine divine orbs, fair friend?" quoth I...A look of triumph registers on her features: "You, Bull Montana!"

Her herd of cattle give a barnyard guffaw—and parade away...Aw, I don't think Emma Maser is so gosh-blame smart or pretty; do you?...There's a large mirror—let's see...No; they don't make mirrors as good as they used to!

Handsome Irish delegate; met him someplace; forget the name; breeze up in best businesslike manner and



profer my hand... He finally takes it—cold as a dead fish. ...Has a cold, fishy eye... Says never a word... Doesn't seem to love me; wonder why?... That lady must be his wife—nice looking woman; can't recall ever trying to flirt with her, so why the unfraternal felicitations by my fellow-Irisher?... Strange... Look at the name on his delegate-badge: "J. J. McNeil, St. Paul."... Ah, now I begin to understand... Maybe, possibly, perhaps McNeil (chairman of the ill-fated St. Paul 1924 Grand Convention) is slightly peeved because I wrote-up his shindig as the punkiest convention ever—at least from a visitor's standpoint... But why hold a grudge over trifles?... Well, since I put my foot in it, got to bluff it out and pretend I reconized him all along: "My dear friend, my beloved brother, look fine, hale, hearty, healthy, happy—Eureka—swell splendid."... Still never a word... "And the lovely Mrs. McNeil of dear St. Paul—very dear—lovely weather we are having, yes, what?"... (And the heat has unaccountably jumped 50 degrees in the last ten seconds.)... But Mrs. says the same thing her husband says—you could print all her words on the back of a postage stamp in 72-point gothic... I remember a previous engagement, and move off!



He flips a fishy fin,
He flicks a fishy eye;
He has no loving grin
For me. I wonder why.
Alas, alack! I see it all—
He hails from hateful old St. Paul!

"Peacock" Patterson (San Francisco) strutting up with his superiority-complex, buttonholes me in the hall, and abashedly unbosoms his conscience... "Meagher, some years ago you featured Rolf Harmsen—Gallaudet's 9 4-5 second sprinter—in the SILENT WORKER; and you mentioned me as a former ten-second man, but you never mentioned Frederick Moore." "Yes, yes; go on." "Well, you see, I want to confess it in fairness—well—you see Moore always beat me in the 100-yd. dash at college." "What of it?" "Well, can't you see; Moore might think I gave you that dope; you ought to write another article and set Moore right—give him credit. He was a corker on the cinders."

"Rest easy, brother," I wig-wag. "I recall it all. I named both you and Moore as among the half-dozen star sprinters in Gallaudet's history. The article was printed in Moore's own department—and like a gentleman he altered my copy by throwing out his own name." ...Alpha breathes a deep sigh of genuine relief, and moves off with chin erect—at peace with the world... Gentlemen and sportsmen both—Patterson and Moore!

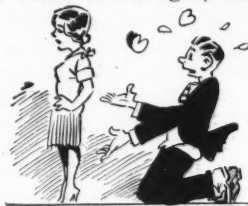


Ah, a beautiful girl... Calm down, ye beating heart o' me... Investigate. ...Rolls Royce body and Chevrolet brains... 'Twas ever thus... Another dame—Hair by Haystack; hat by Ye Crossroads Cobbler; dress by Washburn Crosby Floursack Mfrs.; ankles by Armour... Investigate... Luck; her chassis may be that of a five-ton truck, but her brain is hitting on all eight cylinders... Now for a delightful half-hour of sprightly conversation... This is a wonderful world, after all—sometimes!

A Tom Thumb from Gawdnosewhere, somewhat

muddled from lapping up the merry mucilage... Proclaims to the whole wide world—somewhat unsteadily—that the one ambition of his young life is to marry an Irish girl; a staunch, strong, chaste, upstanding Irish colleen; with eyes of blue, and cheeks whose hue—ho, hum!... As a practical joke, I introduce him to the Irish dancer of Wondra's St. Paul revue... The joke is, she holds Chicago Deafdom's record for slapping faces... Tom Thumb never puts off till tomorrow what he can do today—pays sudden ardent court to the agile, athletic colleen... She recovers from her surprise, assumes someone is kidding her, winds up her fingers—and lets fly a versatile volley of impromptu remarks about undersized shrimps with the nerve of Goliaths, etc., etc.—especially etc... Tom Thumb blinks—then a great love dawns in his bleary eyes and he almost falls on his knees in humbe entreaty: "Let's get married, quick!"

Oh, well; I was young and foolish myself; once! But colleen has never forgiven me!

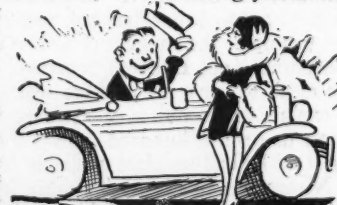


The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under the shin;
And all of us fraters—no, not that it matters—
Are brothers under the gin!

In front of hotel stands Emery Vinson (Berkeley), "surcharged with energy of Ajax."... Looks more like me

and Bull Montana than we look like ourselves... (Tell that to Emma Maser)... Last time I met Vinson was the 1912 Pacific Northwest A. A. U. wrestling championships, when we both bagged second medals in our classes—he in the heavy-weight and I at 115-lbs... He was beaten that night by a husky young Alaskan, Nick Davis-court—who today is still going strong as a professional, meeting Lewis, Stecher, etc... Vinson used to be a whale on the mat; but Time has not dealt kindly with his locks nor looks... He and I pull off a mock set-to... Up steps Harry Slonaker, a visitor from Johnstown, Pa., who picks a large gold National A. A. U. championship medal from the pavement... Why, that's my own watch-fob... Harry courteously returns my treasure, and I swear off horseplay for the balance of my unnatural life!

Two wild goats set out to sow wild oats in the wild and woolley West... Rent a car—a la their conception of Riverside Drive vandergilts—and yell "Whoa, lizzie," aftront of the Cosmopolitan... Disappointed when maidens fair do not trample each other in a mad rush to climb aboard... Make a house-to-house canvass of the she-conventioners—for all I know may be canvassing yet as we go to press... They solicit a Lovely Being—fair as a summer sun on placid Erie—rapt and radiant in girlhood's golden glory—that clear, clean, unsullied purity which is the despair of painters and poets... Instead of striking a rags-be-royal-ment-when-worn-for-Virtue's-shake pose, she paralyzes them with the pitying, reproachful gaze of a Madonna. So that's how our hard-working (?) dally-gaits spend



the painfully garnered nickels we bretheren pungle up for monthly dues?

One of the local committee sees the incident, and glowers in red wrath: "You Easterners have horrible bad judgment."... Fact; yet whatt'd'y mean, "you?"... Judging ME by a couple drug-store cowboys?

Blue bulks bulging on the hazy horizon; jagged juggernauts of granite... Tin Star must fear I'll pick them up, put them in my pocket and lug them home to Chicago—he watches me so closely.

Devil-may-care Jim Coughlin (Buffalo) calls Gibson: "The only officer who never asks us for votes." (Are you planning to attend his Nad Golden Jubilee in 1930? Perhaps YOUR name may someday appear in "Buffalo Hoofprints"—successor to "Denver Thumbnails.")

Craven (Portland, Oregon) and Koons (Des Moines) carrying Hazel's mail-order parliamentary-charts... Must be smart youngsters; most of them wait for some bolder bird to correct the chair—then correct the corrector, correctly or not.

Great crowd here... But think of the bunch at my last Colorado convention—17 summers ago... The first Circus, and the first convention—who ever forgets them?... Hallowed by Youth's rosette spectacles, they stand out like Pike's Peak alongside ant-hills... The old bunch—where?... Statuesque Hester Willman; married, has a grown daughter in a tiny tank-town... Brilliant and bubbling Libbie DeLong—who had my "Commemorative Ode" on the program—married too; homesteading somewhere on the lonely Arizona desert... The iron-gray treasurer, fallen from his high estate; last reported dishwasher in a honkey-tonk on the Mexican border... Hodgson, Fox, Schroeder, Hanson, Wright, D'Estrella; home on their last legs... Baxter Mosey, my old wrestling foe; drowned... J. Stewart Smith, Colorado's famed writer-sportsman; dead... MacGregor, Regensberg, Spear, and the beloved James Henry Cloud; dead—all dead... And you begin to understand Mark Twain's last words: "There isn't anyone for me to play with any more!"



Jay Howard (Duluth) our noted Nad Airedale... Old Bald Eagle ought to try Vitamin "F"—they say it will grow anything... Introduce him to Mrs. Everett Dobson (Omaha) who does not seem impressed by the majestic mien of the great ex-president—he combs his hair with a towel, because his head has been worn nude by worries I caused him... "Ever hear of Howard?"... She shakes her head—just as if the redoubtable D'Artagnan of Tammany's "Three Pesketees" was some cheap provincial! (Oh, joy—I'm tired of having pinheads ask if I'm a frat, when I tell them my name is Meagher!)

"Take off your hat," and Howard bites—hook, line and sinker... "Oh, lord—put it on again, you're half-naked!"... As Howard moves off, flushing, the Monte Cristo of St. Paul '24 lifts happy face to high heaven and counts "One!"

That St. Paul crucifixion was a low-down dirty political trick... You know a low-down dirty political trick is one that your opponents slip over on you... Your own political tricks are—of course—always masterly diplomacy; sagacious strategy designed to save the Ship of State.

The inmates of the Cosmopolitan convention are holding election... Those wisenheimers are enjoying all the comforts of a madhouse, this hot day... This is no petticoat convention—the dainty dears don't wear them, anyhow... Or so I have heard... Someone dashes madly

out of the convention hall, wig-wagging: "Gibson—president—acclamation!"

And Monte Cristo signals: "T-w-o!"

GIB—MY GIB!

I knew we should honor you, Heart-o'-Gold;
I hoped we would honor—not misconstrue,
And would render you homage manifold
In lieu of the worries so long you knew.
Oh, bitter the burdens you had to brook—
But, peaceful and patient, you kept your place
With only a lingering, lonely look
On your still, sad, sorrowful Lincoln-face!

I hoped we would garland you, Gib—my Gib
But the years, like Black Oxen, crawled to brood...
So I feared hands—greedy and grasping glib—
Would garrote our glorious gratitude;
Would baffle and border and block and bar
'Til a grateful people should soon forget,
Nor would place you—pedestalled—on a par
With our Laurent Clerc and his Gallaudet!

I feared... But your dreams have come true today—
With honors we halo your homely head;
For the Truth will triumph, and Right hold sway,
To hurricane hails of the host you led.
So our strong, staunch Sons of the Silence rise
That down thru the ages shall yet be sent
Full! fame of the Eminent Enterprise—
Our Miracle Man and His Monument!

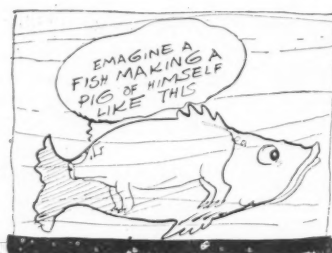
Up in the eternal realms, James Henry Cloud—first to perish of our long list of Nad presidents—must have smiled happily, observing this posthumous success of his last convention-fight... For Cloud, Wright and Farquhar were the Three Musketeers successfully thwarting Tammany's stealthy St. Paul program to place the skids under our Star of Stars.



Comes Paul Hurd (hearing) staff cameraman of Paramount News, Denver bureau... We ride away carrying William Boular (Atcheson, Kansas) aged 55, who lost both legs close to the hips when walking on the railroad tracks at 11 years... Has often been featured in magazines; held world's record for laying both sidewalk and paving brick—41,000 bricks per day of ten hours... Asphalt and concrete surfaces have killed that game, so he now works as moulder—where being close to the ground is a help, not a hindrance.

Hurd maps out his story—which I translate and direct in signs... Boular rides up in auto; climbs out by powerful arms; smilingly waddles across lot and litter, riding up on contractor's elevator of new Nurses' Home Hospital, Denver; rides to top story; starts laying bricks with two hearing workmen; flash of noon whistle—others drop trowels and walk off, leaving deaf Boular busily mortaring brick... Flash by flash, takes us nearly two hours patient grinding in the hot sun... Boular makes all the hazardous takes in safety, while I myself—old sure-foot the champion—get caught by greasy steel cable ascending on the rude elevator, and only lightning acrobatics save me from falling off to Kingdom Come!

For the next three days everybody asks what that horrible grease smear is, where the steel cable kissed my pants leg; and when told "souvenir of directing a movie," they regard me a liar... As Irvin Cobb put it: "Some things are too improbable not to be true."



Noon...Gallaudet College alumni feed—attendance 103... Those Kappa Gambas probably eat like Eatta Bitta Pi... Kappa Gammities worship at the shrine of Vishnu... Vishnu was a Hindoo god

...Hindoos never eat pigs... But that don't keep some of the Kappa Gambits from making regular pigs of themselves—poor fish!

You often hear a hunka hooey about "the college clique," and the "non-Gallaudet unit"... Say, bo, while I'm a non-collegian myself—and ready any old day to climb the frame of any bird boosting a geek just because he is college-bred—I'm telling you here and now that those Gallaudet guys generally have it all over us "nons" like a tent... Absolutely, Mr. Gallagher; positively Rabbi O'Shean.



That Sidewalk Shiek with another peach... Too bad he don't live in Joliet, Ill.—what a jim-dandy nickname: "Romeo of Joliet."

A politician strolling with a dashing brunette... They are married... but not to eachother... Make gay while your sins shine... Some of these deaf damsels have Missouri legs—you know, the kind that have to be shown... Seeing is believing.

Hurd and his Paramount movie camera again—and the whole afternoon is teetotally wasted filming Mrs. Ella Clark-Bennett, (Denver), 64, born deaf, and for the past 16 years stone-blind... With her friend Lucile Allen, 19, a pupil of the Colorado school, we auto off to seek the proper props... She can sew, tat, or crochet—sold six lace collars during convention... Makes her own dresses without a pattern; for sleeve, measures with fingers... Also filmed her reading Braille; talking on hands with Lucile; and talking with strangers by means of a special glove she wore—on which the letters of the alphabet were printed.

Opining he could use her at various times, Hurd implored her not to pose for any rival movie-men... To prevent impostors claiming they were Hurd, I had her run her fingers over his sniffer—a bugle almost as balloon-tire-like as Howard's or Veditz'... "My nose knows—or rather she does," and Hurd was tickled pink.

Back to the hacienda; find election is over leaving Flick sole survivor of the ill-fated Tammany machine still in a place of power... But demoted to the foot of the Trustees, where he won't have a vote on the Grand Board.

And Monte Cristo says: "Two and a half!"



Following Denver, misfortune aplenty befell the remnants of the wrecked Tammany machine that panned my pants at St. Paul... "Athos" O'Leary—who started that infamous "rump" convention—broke his thumb in three places, when the Pullman washroom-door kissed it, returning home... He got \$400 for the old thumb—I wouldn't pay 30 cents to see him break his neck... "Aramis" Anderson retired to innocuous desuetude... "Porthos" Smileau took over the task of "St. Paulizing"

Denver in the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*—forcing me to resort to this WORKER instead. (He had some four columns in all—mostly clippings, so I have tried to slightly exceed his lineage.) "D'Artagnan" Howard soon left his beloved Minnesota to lead the nomad life of a gasoline-gypsy... And "Cardinal Richelieu" Flick to seriously sick—it was five months before he preached again!

Hustle and bustle of winding up work... Chairman Tom Northern—Tomy and his anatomy—sadly surveying his *Unsung Soldiers of the Silence*... In what, for us, will soon be The Land of Memories... And for him, The Lonely Mesa!

Dear old Colorado; to know her is to love her... We know her.



Vacation's o'er—our dear delight is dying;
In golden glory sinks the summer sun...
High hearts hang heavy... Fame is fleet and flying...
This is the utter end—our fun is done...
Dream-days of distant Denver, jewel-set,
We whom you knew and loved remember yet!

Local committeemen with their ten-gallon hats; long, laborous months at high-tension—all-in at the glorious finish... Expected reward in new friends made... Instead were kept so busy all week that they didn't meet half the folks they hoped to... Ever see a convention city that was not heart-sick and disillusioned for years afterwards?

Ask committeeman Jim Quinn what he got out of it—plenty graft? His Cro-Magnon paws splutter: "Lost some \$200 in wages; all I got out of it is three "H"—a Hat, a Headache, and plenty H-1!"

Lawrence (Bay City) "We wuz steam-rollered before we could even turn the dial of our Hazel charts."

"The Hero of the Hour," he adds, "is Roberts—he paid-off everybody on time."

Somebody—forget the name, so can't properly credit this genuine gem—says: "Election? We elected salaried slob to work one day for nothing—they get no pay for Feb. 29, on leap year."

There's Gibson... Typically trying not to show his secret elation... The only man ever reelected to presidency of any of our major deaf organizations after once losing the post... REELECTED after a lapse of 22 years... The Wrong of 1905 has been Righted!

As Aaron held up Moses' hands
The Promised Land to see,
We backed Gib—grandest of the Grands,
In full fraternity!
Again he takes his olden place—
Huge-hearted; human; "pat,"
The loyal leader of our race—
The Father of the Frat!

Off to the smoker... And, gospel truth, if one dumb brother didn't stay away, saying: "Smoker, no—I can't do it—I never smoke!"



Holy smoke! This affair proves the one blot on Denver's spotless escutcheon... Funds running out, they socked us per plate for the feed preceding, and the poor goatmanship was a horrible anti-climax... Self-conscious and pompous, a bunch of Big Bugs from all over the

country supinely warmed their fat seats without teamwork or originality...Local committee had a lot of free cigars bought and paid-for—and the rube sub-chairman responsible for the evening forgot to fetch them from the factory, poor hick...Northern ran around in circles, trying to cover up the ghastly incompetence of his conferees and the so-styled "degree team"—degree way down near zero!

Comparing it with that whizz-bang of the Washington frats in 1926, let's hopefully pray Grand Gazook Gibson uses the Big Stick to place all degree work in the hands of locals, next convention...The bean blowers can't possibly do worse than that All-Star talent did at Denver—for team-work, practice and proper preparation are essential to any successful undertaking.

I sit by Alex Pach (New York) veteran windjammer of more conventions than you have fingers and toes, who unlimbers thusly: "There was a nice howd'y-do—seems a raft of candidates are accusing constituents of double-crossing...The young 'progs' slated a ticket headed by Patterson for first-vice—" I jerk out my pad and jot it down; the far-away look leaves Pach's peepers—recollects himself with a start; folds his arms..."Pray proceed, comrade mine..."He glares..."I won't print it," I promise—putting away pad and preparing to remember every word...But Pach, with the same hurt look Caesar cast on Brutus, spells never a syllable... You'd almost think he doesn't trust me!

Poor old Pach, favorite photographer of dear old Teddy Roosevelt—intimately acquainted with more of the truly great men of history than all the rest of us put together...Quietly courteous, although Fate has just dealt a K. O. to life's last dear dream; dream of a national presidency, like his two fellow-Metropolitan Musketeers, Fox and Hodgson!

Dean of SILENT WORKER writers; regaled to the ranks after these years—plain private in the Grand Army of Deafdom...Cincinnatus returned to his plow; Napoleon sent to Helena; Foch, Clemenceau and Pach... Lonely and alone; forgotten and forlorn!

Our Big Businessman, kicked off the Grand Board... Great Board—high-sounding names and records—but what practical experience? Neesam (Delavan, Wis.) Gallaudet graduate, over 20 years a pedagogue; amateur-fisherman and strawberry-patch Burbank...Howson (Berkeley) graduate University of California; teacher, realtor, and ex-professor in the Cal. U...Mueller (Louisville) ex-Gallaudet, proofreader; and the "iron hand" of steam-roller maneuvers...Shilton (Toronto, Canada) graduate University of Toronto; owns a four-man printshop...Graduates of three different colleges or universities—all prime, fine fellows; you'll love 'em!

But what do they know of the insurance business?

It takes three years of intensive training in headquarters before a deaf man even begins to grasp the insurance game, with its diverse state laws and costly traps. Who will step into the saddle if anything happens to Gib?

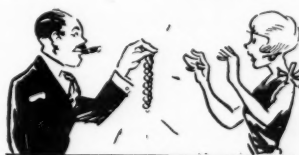
The one man best qualified to fill the gap—God fend the day—is Charles Kemp; headquarters' clerk since 1920. But does anyone think of proposing him for promotion? "President . . . shall be a resident of Chicago."

What of that "training talent in headquarters" twaddle?

So penny-ante politics, and childish love of the lime-light, may yet place our million dollar corporation in the hands of well-meaning incompetents.

Don't laugh. Someday you may recall my words with sorrow!

Oh, wrath; oh, woe—I must relate—
Tho I may get in Dutch:
You'll always tell a Delegate—
But cannot tell him much!



Gradually our once-prim conventions approach hearing-standard...At least five full-fledged journeymen "gold diggers" are on deck here . . . One

boasts she has not spent a cent all week; another that her total outlay is a dime . . . Some dem dippy delegates are a prime crop of suckers!

Huh—wot—how'd I know? . . . Hum; wonderful weather, don't you think?

Anyway, nobody loves a flat man.

Our nine-car special train of Pullmans, 184 aboard, pulls out at 2 a. m. for Colorado Springs . . . Saturday, sunup to sunset, jammed full of scenery-seeing . . . Starts with early breakfast at Cliff House—210 silents; up Pike's Peak by auto, down by cog road; 40-mile motor trip thru Garden of the Gods, etc . . . One brief stop at the Van Briggie Art Pottery—largest in the U. S. and only one open to public—where Ora Bruce, former pupil of Colorado school, is "throwing on the wheel," or modeling . . . His completed work retails as high as \$15. apiece.

"Throwing on the potter's wheel" is the oldest art in history, being mentioned 2600 years ago in Jer. 18:3... We watched our deaf comrade "perpetuate in Colorado's clay the soft colorings of Colorado's sunset."

Sleepy Colorado Springs still snuggles softly in the summer sun, just as it did at the 1910 convention... But autos, on winding one-way mountain-wall roadways, supplant the picturesque burrows Hodgson hummed of and Terry cursed..."Remember the Alamo?" That (then) majestic headquarters' hotel, where first I met my future wife, seems dingy, squat and insignificant compared with the big hosteleries we patronize now—Adelphi, the St. Paul, New Willard, Cosmopolitan.

The Hazels and I hop a taxi and dash out to see the former White House of Deafdom—ex-president Veditz' home...Dash back—to find him in the railroad station...Chat half an hour with that gnarled old oak which bends but never breaks—fit subject for Henley's "Invictus."

Dear old George Wilhelm Veditz—last survivor of the Six Great Fighting Men of Deafdom; and *still fighting!*...Smouldering from defeat of every measure he introduced...The "Boy Wonder" of a half-century ago; the campus cut-up of 1880; sub-fullback on Gallaudet's great FIRST team (see All-Gallaudet Football article elsewhere in this issue)...A page from the past; our Teddy Roosevelt of all Nad presidents—and like the real Teddy, repudiated by his own people at his last political convention.

And these callow youths—enjoying industrial benefits and citizenship privileges Veditz sweated blood to secure for them—sneer at his bent gorilla-shape...Socrates, Hannibal, Lincoln—all thwarted by their envious, short-sighted contemporaries—

grow greater in prospective with every passing age.



Little delegates could dream—
 Watching him, they did not know
 That, glaring thru his glasses' gleam,
 They'd beheld a hero go!
 Hero of the Long Ago—
 Purse-poor; record-rich; uncowed!
 Hero yet in overthrow—
 "Beaten, bloody, but unbowed!"

As we pull out for Denver at 7:15, I lean out from the vestibule steps and Veditz hurriedly lumbers over; a quick handclasp and we part—I fear forever...The once-nimble sub-fullback who FIRST broadcasted Galaudet's gridiron glories—47 long autumns back...Our repudiated Roosevelt...The Gibson of three decades ago...We part...Washington's farewell to LaFayette; Foch and the Unknown Poilu; Nadio and the Great Leader who first dug him up from obscurity and gave him his chance.

Can't you understand?

A two-hour wait in Denver's



station...Last good-bys to the Host Supreme...And the pitiful, pleading face of poor old bent-and-broken John Fisher—the Denver delegate who's oratory at St. Paul won award of this same convention...And who's off-side play in the interim consigned him to the sidelines all throughout our wonderful week!

A faint, brave smile manfully hiding his hurt and his heartache; gentle old John Fisher...A great guy—but his own worst enemy.

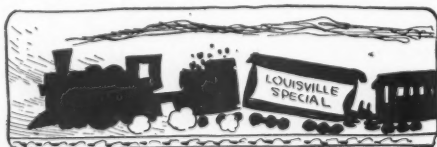
Mizpah!

The long Chicago trip takes two nights and a day...Seven cars—we had twelve last Sunday...Gibson, and half the live-wires, stay behind...Not so much spontaneous gaiety as a week ago; the reaction, or let-down, or anti-climax—its always so...Except for the pitiful heaven-blest few who have finally found their life-mates.

Or who think they have!

We're going back...Back to the greasy grind—checks and balances—invoice and COD—type-point and face—diameter, dimension and r. p. m....We went with goitre of the pocketbook; return suffering from anæmia of the purse.

"Jumbo" Mueller (Louisville) trying to live up to his reputation as Court Jester to the Monarchs of Mutedom, calls attention to a passing sign: "Limp in, walk out"...With Mueller it would be a case of "Waddle in, roll out on a wheelbarrow."



Why an "observation platform"?...Not one wig-wagger is "observing" the scenery...Benfield (Charlotte) approves the big stained-glass electric-lighted NFSD sign on rear of train, opening it will be used again going to Boston '31.

Ulrich (Detroit) "No; 1931 we go by air—Ford is building 24-passengers planes."

Poor Ulrich will never go to Boston; he died three months later—before the edition carrying his name in the first installment of "Thumbnails" left the press.

The inmates of our late convention are not so puffed-up with pride right now...Begin to realize they were mere pawns on the chessboard of life...And yearn to

start all over—just to take a whack at the King-row.

Lawrence says there were 42 printers aboard Gib's Special going; he means 41 printers and one of those pesky Louisville proofreaders...Too bad Mueller was not in the late World War—think what a wonderful mule-skinner he would have made.

The Bible tells us to love oneanother...Some of those Easterners misread it to mean: "Love one, then another."

But, then; if I had the good-looks that should go with the romantic heart of a poet, I might be as bad as they are—jealous little shrimp that I be...Me, the "Bull Montana" of Deafdom.

Will this journey never end? Riding the railroad is like making love to a woman—too much is too much.



Home at last—chained to the old workbench...Life again a hundred treadmill—darker, more dreary, by comparison with the mad, glad gaiety...Haunting the shadowy hinterlands of mind are muted mirages of mirth and melody—dignified, desolate Denver of drowsy days and delightful dreams!

For, after every convention, we visitors fatuously fancy the Big Splurge that local committee put over, is a sample of every-day life there.

But our late hostesses—the Angelic Beings who beamed a benediction on our smart sayings—are back at the same old routine; washing grubby little faces with houseworky hands...Stiffling yearnings for intelligent companionship—that departed hour of glory when the Mightly Men of Mutedom thronged the Cosmopolitan lobby.

Time dulls the memory, and all seems forgotten; then suddenly some little thing brings back the past in all its poignant pomp...After such a taste of High Heaven, by contrast the once-glad some local gatherings seem trite, tame and tiresome...Same sleepy old socials in the same set scenes; same sober old souls sitting in soundless silence with the same set smiles; same somber old spoil-sports spilling same old scandals; same—same—same—shudder-stiffle-strain—makes one want to shriek...Eeeee-k-k-k!

My heart is heavy.....And my pen...is...done!

FAREWELL

Oh, some of us straddle a saddle,
 And some of us sun on the sand—
 There to revel in glee by the side of the sea
 Where the breath of the breezes are bland.
 Some Denverites struggle thru snowdrifts
 To eke out their butter and bread;
 And some of us sing with the spirit of Spring;
 And some of us frats are — dead!

Oh, never again will they feel the thrill
 Of snow in a sun-soaked sky;
 And never again sense the mountain-chill
 When the wrath of the wind whips by...
 So, like Porter—closing his long career
 To the dirge of the WORKER'S knell—
 Let "Nadio" radio, readers dear,
 A final and fond "Farewell!"



From the Life of the Deaf and Dumb in Greater Roumania

By Theodot Cernautean, chairman of the Bucovina Deaf and Dumb Society at Crernowitz

ROMANIA, till the world war (1914-1918) a little territory with about 6-8 million inhabitants, is now called *Greater Roumania*, with 16-17 million inhabitants. I hope that it will be interesting both for the readers of this paper and in general for the American comrades, to learn something about the life of the deaf-and-dumb, their fellow sufferers, within the actual Kingdom of Roumania.

Before the war, there was, in Roumania, only one deaf and dumb asylum, viz: at Focsani. The instruction in this asylum was very defective, so that well-to-do parents, especially great landowners, sent their deaf and dumb children to the respective asylums of Western Europe, especially to France. It is true that those children were thus better developed as if they had remained in their country, but the drawback of their education abroad was that after their return home they could not help forgetting the education they had got in a foreign language, for with this latter they had here no possibilities of support.

In 1919 began the first period of a movement worth mentioning of the Roumanian deaf and dumb. After the union of the formerly Austro-Hungarian provinces with Roumania, the number of deaf and dumb schools and asylums in Roumania increased from 1 to 4, and later on to 6, when two asylums were opened, lately, at Bucharest, for deaf and dumb girls and boys respectively. The respective establishments are at the following places: one at Cernauti—Bucovina, one at Cluj—(Transylvania), one at Jimisoara—(Blanat), one at Focsani—Old Roumania, and two at Bucharest.

In 1925, the writer of this article made a journey all over the country, visiting all deaf and dumb asylums and societies, with the only exception of Focsani. The impressions I received were different. At Cluj and at Bucharest the pupils are lively, and they answered every question with precision and intelligence. The pupils of the 4th, 5th, and 6th classes are excellently versed in geography, especially that of their country. As for the other objects, I had little to find fault with either.

The methods of instruction are different at the different establishments, and so are the teachers. There are both simple teachers and med-ped-professors. As for the latter, they were created as late as 1925, at a general examination. School lasts 8 years, the pupil having to pass 8 forms (1-8 form.) Children between 6 and 12 years are accepted.

We are mostly lacking in professional schools and in continuation schools. Without them, most of the pupils, after leaving the school mentioned above, cannot avoid falling back into an alphabetism and ignorance. I may add that a great part of the pupils are farmers' children, and since the deaf and dumb are, in the villages of this country, generally looked upon as inferior beings, their parents use them for housework and cattle-driving, which contributes to their perfectly neglecting and forgetting the education they acquired with so great efforts. Only the Cluj asylum has a few workshops, but they are so poor in working utensils and specialists that it is highly dubious if those that earn here a trade, will, later on, be able to practice it thoroughly. Only the Bucharest Deaf and

Dumb Girls' Asylum, besides the thorough school instruction, educates its pupils to become good housewives; there are in the school a workshop for carpet weaving and a workshop for refined embroidery. Generally speaking, the foundations, in this country, of the deaf and dumb education system are still very weak.

In 1919, the adults, too, began to move. On November 9, 1919, the first Roumanian deaf and dumb society was founded at Bucharest and it was named "The Friendly Association of the Deaf and Dumb of Greater Roumania." This society is under the protectorate of Queen Mary of Roumania. Only one-third of all deaf and dumb in Roumania belong to it, the rest still remaining passive. The deaf and dumb of the new provinces started an independent movement. In 1920 was founded, at Arad, the first provincial society, which was followed, in 1921, by one at Jemesvar, and at last I have founded, in 1926, at Cernauti, the Bucovina Deaf and Dumb Society. There is also a society at Cluj, which has been founded years ago, but it has not yet been legalized. From 1919-1925 the deaf and dumb lived in the solitude of their native towns. Any essay of approach was looked upon with distrust. Especially those of Old Roumania had to suffer a great deal from this isolation. The first event worth mentioning that approached the deaf and dumb to each other, was our "First National Deaf and Dumb Congress," which took place at Bucharest on October 24-26, 1926. It was attended by about seventy deaf and dumb people, of whom fifteen province delegates and twenty-two guests. The Congress had been called together without any serious premeditation. Many of those present had not even the slightest idea of what "Congress" meant; most of them thought it was some opportunity of amusing oneself. The immediate cause of the Congress being called was rather to celebrate the seven-year duration of the Bucharest Deaf and Dumb Society. The Congress ended with a deficit of 37,000 Lei. But it should not be forgotten that it was our first congress. Some delegates proposed a National Deaf and Dumb League to be founded. The congress was concluded with a resolution. It was proposed to call the next congress to Jemesvar, in 1928.

At Bucharest actually live about 150 adult deaf and dumb persons, of whom only 7 are members of the society; at Temesvar more than 100; at Cluj, Arad, and Cernauti, eighty, of whom forty-eight are members. As regards the number of independent deaf and dumb persons, Temesvar can be put at the first place, and Bucharest at the second; conditions at the other towns are different. In the whole of greater Roumania actually live about 6000 independent deaf and dumb people, of whom only 230 are members of societies. Besides, 2500 children in the age of compulsory attendance at school, of whom only 350 are at the respective establishments! The economical standard is very low: hardly 1% independent masters, 3% qualified workmen, the rest 96% assistants and day-laborers.

Besides the deaf and dumb asylums there are, in Roumania, 5 asylums for blind people, and 2 for imbeciles.

In this year the Roumanian deaf and dumb attended, for the first time, an inter-national deaf and dumb congress, viz: at Prague, 3-10 July, 1928. The writer

of this article, as representative of Roumania, was honored by being elected vice-chairman. He was also among the first that promoted the foundation of the Deaf and Dumb Federation.

It may also be mentioned that an association has been created, of late, of all medical-pedagogical teachers in Roumania; the chairman of the Association is Prof. George Halarevici, a famous scholar and a friend of the deaf and dumb.

The teachers, Calistrat Jemna, Elisa Stefaniuc, Ioan Guga, and Franz Marcinowski, are warmly interested in the fate and life of the Deaf and Dumb.

Some time ago, the Cernauti Deaf and Dumb Society celebrated the date of its two years' existence with a beautiful festival.

I send greetings to all American fellows and comrades, and wish them best welfare, remaining in best friendship for them in spite of ocean and frontier-barriers.

Appeal of the American Red Cross

THE SERVICE of the American Red Cross in disaster during the past 48 years has been spectacular and dramatic, competent, purposeful and to the point. Great caravans of medical supplies have been rushed to the scene of disaster, tons of food have been purchased, thousands of meals have been cooked and set before the hungry, and sufficient shelter set up to make a hundred busy towns. Money in the amount of \$49,594,000 has been expended in 938 disasters within these United States.

Through her Chapters, the Greatest Mother in the World has a hand in every calamity which besets her children. In cyclone, tornado, hurricane, storm, fire, flood, epidemic, building collapse, wreck,—wherever the elements run riot or man in his race for a goal has endangered his fellow men, she is there. There is her standard, the flag of the Red Cross set, solidly as a sign of hope in the midst of the chaos of calamity, and under her banner springs up a new civic leadership, having a place in it for people of every political, social, religious, national or racial complexion.

When there is need, every town and hamlet joins in the outpouring of concern. Industries and business groups everywhere give lavishly of their time and products, and there is widespread enlistment of sympathy and generous spirit of our people.

Florida, the Great Valley of the Mississippi, New England and the West Indies scenes of the four most recent major disasters,—widely separated geographically but closely knit through bonds of suffering and misfortune, received tangible evidence of the generous giving of the American people, through their Red Cross. During 1926, following winds of hurricane proportion, a fund of \$4,777,170.07 was provided by the people of the nation and the Red Cross for relief operations in Florida. In 1927 relief for Mississippi Valley flood sufferers called for the expenditure of \$17,398,902.16 to carry through to completion the work begun early in the year. Of this amount the Red Cross furnished \$100,000 from its own treasury. In November, 1927, heavy rains in New England brought about the most destructive flood ever experienced in that section of the country, and for the furtherance of this work the relief fund totalled \$1,269,541.56, of which \$529,312.93 represents a donation from the treasury of the National organization. Again, in

September 1928, gifts were made to the West Indies hurricane sufferers by the public, of \$5,908,146.54, and of that amount the Red Cross furnished \$50,000 from National treasury funds that it might facilitate the emergency handling of the situation.

In every community the local Chapter stands for a fraternity of service, working for neighborhood, state, country and for the world. Every Red Cross unit stands ready at a moment's notice to help at home or abroad. Trained intelligence may better cope with threats of obliteration by natural forces. Thorough-going team play and constant alertness of leading officials, business, industrial and professional folk may result in great saving of life by enabling the Chapter to offer immediate relief where delay means despair and added misfortune.

Even before disaster strikes, the Red Cross realizes that where there is no disaster it has an important day-by-day work to do in preserving health, teaching ideals of service to the youth of America, helping in distress, and in preventing disaster.

It has made this prevention and the strengthening of its disaster preparedness committees in Chapters the keynote of its contemplated work for the coming year. The Red Cross realizes that as the idea of prevention is carried out the Chapter will perfect its skill in the handling of disasters through added knowledge gained by study of the particular problem and hazards contained within its field. This is the goal set for our Red Cross, and is the plan upon which the work for 1929 will be based.

During the coming year the Greatest Mother plans to stretch out her protective arm and trace with the finger of humanity a circle of prevention round about her children everywhere. Disaster relief programs embody extensive surveys of all hazards, and evaluation of the type and number of risks present in communities. Public attention is to be called to existing dangers, and well laid plans of action are to be developed to anticipate every emergency.

Whether the community be small or large, National headquarters offers information and skilled leadership in working out plans to ward off calamity and to prepare for undertaking relief tasks. Through years of experience, supported by trained personnel, the organization is truly fitted to serve in an advisory capacity.

Mines, factories, munitions plants, rivers, lakes and streams that may be apt to overflow are all to be charted, and all Chapters of the Red Cross are strengthening their disaster preparedness committees for constantly improved service when called into action. Skill and public interest will gradually surround the local problems until a new sense of security is justified.

The Red Cross has a great responsibility by virtue of the people's faith imposed in it, and it knows that greater disasters than those of the past may come to test it. It is ambitious to perfect its present disaster relief equipment and, through its Chapters, is constantly striving toward the betterment of its administrative and operative functions. It will never halt in this purpose, as there is no vacation in coming to the aid of stricken people. From that responsibility there is no relief and no falling back.

EVIL EVES

"How is it that a little boy of your age is smoking?"

"Bad companions, ma'am."

"What do you mean?"

"I was the only boy in the family and mother made me play with my sisters until I was almost ten."

With The Silent Workers

By Alexander L. Pach



THIS, then, is the end of the loved **Silent Worker**.

Ready as this department has been to fill a page or two each month for almost four decades, no fitting farewell occurs to us.

Suggested by one of the instructors when my class of '82 were about to leave old Fanwood's halls were verses beginning:

"The play is done, the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell.
A moment yet the actor stops,
And turns around to say farewell.

"It is an irksome word and task
And when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removed the mask,
A face that's anything but gay."

And as I do not recall the rest I will leave it there, for it sure is irksome and a task to bid the readers farewell, and particularly when the farewell spells the goodbye of the publisher who gave his best to his brain child, not only teaching himself photography and engraving, but going down deep in his own pocket for the initial equipment, fondly believing that the magazine he had wrought would remain as long as the State of New Jersey had deaf children to educate.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen."

But while the **Silent Worker** is lost to us, this writer and several of his fellow writers have signed on a dotted line submitted by Editor "Tom" L. Anderson of the **Iowa Hawkeye**, and if this looks like a free advertisement for the **Hawkeye**, I don't believe any one will complain.

The **Minnesota Companion** makes editorial reference to circulars sent out with a view of getting 1500 subscriptions to a book as yet unpublished, and mentions well founded dislike of the title, "The Deaf-Mute Howls," which has no appeal as a title, and whets no appetites for additional data as to why, when, where and how the deaf-mute howls. Then it is bad enough for a hearing person to howl, but the brand of howling a deaf-mute might bring about is something terrible to contemplate, even to one who hasn't heard any howling from any source of any kind or nature for dangerously near half a century.

I do not want to discourage the author, Mr. Albert Victor Ballin of Los Angeles, but for most of his life a New Yorker, when he wasn't studying in the Haut Ecole in Paris.

Mr. Ballin was born deaf, and acquired a vocabulary that would do credit to a Harvard graduate. From Art he went to Invention and from that to writing movie plays, and when he found them all "rubber," that is, they always came back, he went out to Hollywood to get the high-up on play writing, and finally landed as an extra in the movies.

Mr. Ballin can write, and I hope he has written

a good book. Dr. Caldwell, formerly head of the California school, says the book is the work of a master, and that ought to carry weight. But the commendation of a number of movie actresses does not, for what they don't know about the deaf is volumes, and I don't believe the advertisement that promises that the book will have photographs of many of the movies' ladies is going to add anything to the value of the book, for a book on cooking, for instance, does not need pictures of distinguished aviators to add to its worth, though this is only saying that all things for their time and place.

The deaf public take them or it, by and large will not, except in very rare instances, comparatively speaking, put up the vast sum of two dollars for a year of the **Silent Worker** or of the **Deaf-Mutes' Journal**, so it is expecting the impossible for them to go it blind and put up \$2.00 for a book that will be published when 1499 other people have put up \$2.00.

The author sent me a number of circulars and subscription blanks, and I am going to forward my \$2.00 when I can find one other person optimistic enough to follow suit, and though I have tried very hard to get at least one other person to go in I continue "outa luck" in that respect.

But the time set for the quota to be filled will have expired long before this comment sees print, so unless some of Mr. Ballin's fellow Los Angelenos put up for the book in lots of a hundred each I fear that the deaf-mute who howls as Mr. Ballin's hero will have an effective silencer put on his yodeling.

Even then, Mr. Ballin will not be without honors, for he can still point with pride to the fact that the fourth largest steamship in the world is named after him, though it was a long way after.

The beautiful police dog whose photograph appears is the property of Mr. Harry A. Gillen, of Valley Stream, L. I., and when I stepped from Mr. Gillen's car on a little visit to Mr., Mrs. and Miss Gillen he did not take any more notice of a stranger with his master than if I had been a spare tire Mr. Gillen was bringing home. In fact, I think a spare tire or anything but a human being other than one duly credited to the household would have interested "Raff," which is his dogship's cognomen, more.

Hours afterward when, through having witnessed my dining at the family board and thus satisfying himself that I was all right with his master, he did come up and in a doggyish way tried to assure me that he meant no hurt to my feelings by ignoring my presence, and in the same doggyish way conveyed his good will for me if I would keep it within bounds.

These Belgian police dogs are one man dogs. They love respect and obey one man only. In the absence of the one man, the wife or the child are respected, though treated with tolerance, but deci-

dedly not the air that goes with the deference, the eagerness and what amounts to supreme worship of the one man they respect in the sublimest sense of the word.

"Raff" eats but one meal a day, but it is a good



"RAFF"

one and the same meats that are purchased for the family table.

"Raff" knows that Mr. and Mrs. Gillen cannot hear as well as he knows that little Miss Elizabeth can. Little Miss Elizabeth can take all manner of liberties with the big black fellow, but a stranger dare not open the gate that leads to the garden and garage without having a right to do so, and "Raff" knows whether he has that right or not.

Though I have always been a lover of the dog and owned one of the finest Shepherd collies ever bred, this was my first opportunity to meet the Belgian police dog when trained for home utilitarian purposes, and if I had a country place such as Mr. and Mrs. Gillen own I would not consider it complete unless I had a dog something like "Raff."

The only reason "Raff" has not been exhibited at recent dog shows, is because the breeder and other experts advise Mr. Gillen that the dog is too valuable to risk him in a dog show where it would be an easy matter to acquire some ailment not easily cured.

The best trait of dogs of the breed I am speaking of are intelligence to an unusual degree and they must be spoken to as to a child and they soon understand and obey.

As these lines are being written (and it will be many weeks before they appear in the June issue of this magazine) two sisters, daughters of deaf parents

are being featured in the world of Thespis here in New York, but to make it even a rarer happening, on the same street.

At the Longacre Theatre, West 48th street a few steps from Broadway, Miss Helen Menken, is being starred in "Congai," a play about life in Indo-China. At the 48th Street Theatre, a few doors east of Broadway, Miss Grace Menken is the featured leading lady of the play called "Brothers," with Bert Lytell in the lead.

Miss Helen's previous successes were "Seventh Heaven," "Three Wise Fools" and other plays that became famous through her association with them, while Miss Grace's work on the stage has been given over mostly to Keith vaudeville, in principal parts.

The parents of the two young women have every reason to be justly proud of them, and more particularly since they have their mother as a pal and third sister, in a manner of speaking, and in turn have taken their mother on trips to Europe, and long jaunts in our own country.

Last March on a bitter cold Saturday night, nearly three hundred members and friends of Brooklyn Division No. 23, gathered at the Hotel Half Moon, at Coney Island, for a big celebration of the organization's 20th birthday. If you could move the Traymore or the Marlborough-Blenheim from Atlantic City to Coney Island, you couldn't of course, so then you have the Half Moon, which is just as luxurious as the Atlantic City hosteleries, but its setting is very different. The Half Moon is close by the stately and reserved section of Coney known as Sea Gate, and while in winter Coney is all but dead, the Half Moon is at its gayest, for besides the "Frat" affair there were balls, banquets and other events by other organizations.

It has often been my pleasure to tell of the progress of the N. F. S. D., in these columns and Brooklyn's Banquet furnishes an excuse for just a little more to make "whoopee" about before this department "faws down and goes boom," as it does with this issue.

When Brooklyn got its charter it got number 23, and only a few days ago, San Diego, Cal., got No. 109. When Brooklyn got its charter there were 600 members. Now there are 6508. Then the assets were \$6,692.73, but to day the figures are a bit more impressive, to wit: One million, one hundred and twenty-four thousand, nine hundred and thirty-six dollars and seven cents (\$1,124,936.07.) Since organization, the N. F. S. D. has paid out nearly \$286,000 in death benefits, over \$146,000 in sick benefits, and has given its members in waivers or dividends over \$70,000.

"Of the deaf, for the deaf and by the deaf."

The one biggest and outstanding accomplishment by the deaf, of all time.

Well, here is good bye to my **Worker** clientele. I have been told at times by sundry people that they enjoyed reading this department, and now and then there have been those who said they didn't agree with statements made here, and that is not surprising as I have often reversed myself, so again au revoir but not good bye.

To Publisher Porter: Thanks for the long buggy ride.



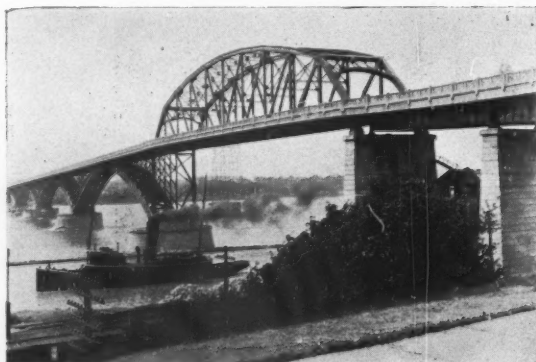
A. L. PACH PHOTO

Edwin Allan Hodgson, M. A., in honor of whom a testimonial dinner was tendered by his old boys to celebrate his 75th birthday. The dinner was served at the Aldine Club in New York City the evening of March 30, and was attended by over one hundred and twenty-five of his old pupils, including their wives and sweethearts. He was the recipient of a solid silver humidor filled with his choice brand of cigars. The speakers recounted how much they owed to their old instructor in printing for their success in life; how much they thought of him as teacher, editor and friend. White-haired and mellowed, but with a mind as clear as crystal he thanked his old boys over and over again. He was pleased with their gift, but more than that he was pleased to know how successful they had become after leaving school. The younger generation predominated, but there was a sprinkling of his early pupils, now almost as old looking as himself. It was a splendid tribute and one which Mr. Hodgson will cherish during the autumn of his life. Mr. Hodgson is regarded as the nestor of deaf-mute journalism. He was retired as teacher on pension a couple of years ago, but still occupies the Editorial chair of *The Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

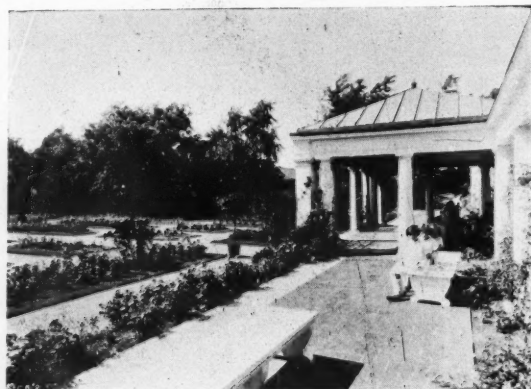
Attractive Buffalo Scenes



VIEW OF BUFFALO HARBOR.—This part of view of Buffalo showing the sky line from lake Erie. The imposing building on the left is Hotel Statler, convention headquarters, in center background is Liberty Bank Building. On the opposite side are the immense grain and milling elevators.



New Peace Bridge, connecting Buffalo and Fort Erie, Canada, commemorating 100 years of peace between the two nations, dedicated on Aug. 7, 1927, participated in by H. R. H., Prince of Wales, Hon. Stanley Baldwin and Secy. of State Kellogg. Massive and imposing structure, costing about \$4,000,000. This view looks toward Canada from American side.



View in Buffalo's largest Park, Delaware Park. Scene into the Rose Gardens—large collection of domestic and foreign roses, besides other varieties of flowers. An entrancing sight, and beautiful beyond words.



"Albright Art Gallery"—Buffalo, N. Y.



Historical Building—Buffalo, N. Y.

The Argonaut

By J. W. Howson



AT THE request of Editor Porter to get copy in early, this summer issue of *The Argonaut* is written in March. It is impossible to make an accurate long range forecast, but with the deaf of California it seems that all goes well. And this applies to the whole state. A Californian, even if by adoption, occupies the White House. By 1930 the summer White House for the first time in history will be located in California. Another Californian is on the cabinet. He heads that department, I believe, under which the United States Commissioner of Education works. And this Commissioner of Education is a Californian, Wm. John Cooper, a man familiar with the deaf, their needs, their aims, and their ambitions.

In speaking of Herbert Hoover as a Californian, we mean that he is all that. In the early fifties long lines of covered wagons fought their way across the dust strewn plains of Utah and Nevada. Oxen and horses died along the way and many of the exhausted travellers went with them. Wagons were discarded and then as pack animals gave out, the weary emigrants reached California's fertile plains on foot. They were venturesome hardy youths, the best of the type the nation afforded, who left east to seek the El Dorado in the west. The survivors of these who finally reached the goal, were the California pioneers. From these are the real Californians descended. The spirit of the pioneer Californians still prevails, but it is in the central part of the state that this spirit is best preserved. It is this spirit which Herbert Hoover as an adopted Californian acquired. A native Iowan he is not the 50—50 kind. He is a whole hearted Californian and thereat Californians rejoice.

Hoover's summer home will be hard-by Stanford University, from which the university president, Ray Lyman Wilbur, received leave of absence that he might serve as Hoover's Secretary of the Interior. And then Wm. John Cooper will be one of Wilbur's right-hand men. Mr. Cooper once headed the California State School for the Deaf in his capacity as State Superintendent of Schools. He appointed the present principal of the school, Mr. Elwood Stevenson. Mr. Cooper as I have said knows the deaf, as likely no public man in his position has known them. In a preliminary way he acted largely upon their advice and when he left the state he saw to it, insofar as he was able, that the deaf children of the future should be well provided for.

The well laid plans for the education of the deaf of the state are starting to bear fruition. The report of the special legislative committee on educational facilities for the deaf of California has been submitted to the Legislature. It should in every way be satisfactory to the deaf and to those interested in their welfare. The school will remain on its present site and a building program will be started immediately. The new primary unit costing \$300,000 will be begun in the fall. Gradually the present building will be replaced with modern edifices. Construction and furnishings over a ten year program included in the committee's report are definitely set at \$1,100,000. A further five year building program involving an expense of around \$700,000 is to follow. With this it is expected that the school will have a site and set of buildings superior to any school for the deaf in the world. With the valuation of the land steadily increasing, the entire plant should be worth between four and five million dollars.



Left to Right: Mrs. Wm. Palfrey, Mrs. Dorville Beamish, Mrs. Wm. Sherman, Miss Leda Sherman, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Berry Hancock, Miss Lulu Johnson, Mrs. Homer Albright, Miss Carrie Douglass, Mrs. Sidney King, Mrs. Wm. Hoffman, Mrs. A. L. Sherman, Mrs. Karrel Kearns, Rev. Logan, Mr. Dorrielle Beamish, Mr. Berry Hancock, Mr. Wm. Palfrey, Mrs. Wildey Meyers, Mr. A. L. Sherman, Mr. Wm. Hoffman, Mr. Sidney W. King.

The primary unit will accomodate 210 children, the academic 400. The seven grades in the primary unit will have three classes each; the eight grades in the academic department five classes each. The day schools



Mrs. Lipsett and Frances. Mrs. Lipsett is a product of the Chicago day schools for the deaf and speaks and reads the lips fluently. Mrs. Lipsett was formerly Grace Cooper.

will be welded with the state school. The committee "was pleased to note" that the provision requiring that day school classes be conducted by the "pure oral method" was amended out of the school law by the Legislature of 1927. Henceforth it is hoped that all the deaf children of the state will be taught by the method best suited to them. Very special attention will be given to trades teaching at the state school and it is expected that older pupils leaving the day schools will be put into a position to complete their trade and academic education at the



Home of the Lipsetts in Los Angeles. The people of Los Angeles like beautiful surroundings such as these, and the deaf are no exception to the rule. Frances Lipsett stands in the foreground.

state school in cases where same may be advantageous.

Already the big wheel of the state in its comprehensive plan to aid all the deaf is beginning to revolve. Mr. Truman L. Ingle, recently appointed Field Officer and Placement Agent of the deaf, has taken up his duties and succeeded in getting positions for several adult deaf. Others are being placed in a position to prepare themselves in lines of their liking. The state has even advanced funds to assist in this preparation. Mr. Ingle will meet such of the local deaf as seek personal interviews at the School for the Deaf, Berkeley, every Saturday morning.

The California State Association of the Deaf will hold its next convention this coming summer in Berkeley, presumably at the state school. The Association is in a healthy condition and exuberant over its accomplishments. No hostile legislation affecting the deaf has made its appearance at the present session of the Legislature and



The newly-weds Arthur Jatta and his wife attend a picnic given by the deaf along the shores of San Francisco Bay and are naturally the objects of much attention. They make a fine appearing couple.

none is expected. The Legislature is figuratively speaking "wiping its brow" after the 1927 tussle with the deaf regarding removal of the school from its present site. In fact, for some time to come a Legislative watchword is likely to be "Lay off the deaf."

Getting back to Stanford University, Harlow Rothert, son of well-known deaf parents, is making a name in athletics that will be hard to equal. By being elected twice captain of the basketball team, he has achieved what has been done by only three students in twenty years. In addition he is football player and trackman of note. His latest startling achievement was to hurl the 16 pound shot 51 feet 9 inches. Everything connected with the heave was officially tested and measured to attest the feat, though the record will not be allowed, not having been made in an authorized meet. Three college letters in one

year, twice elected captain of one major sport, a near fifty-two foot shot putter, a B student, and a few other things, not to mention being the son of deaf parents, really isn't so bad.



Ada Young Tom, full blooded deaf Chinese matron, educated in California, also attends the picnic, accompanied by one of her children.

❖ ❖

Thomas W. Lawson, the spectacular Boston financier, was born broke and died broke. Twenty-five years ago he was far from being broke. Around that time there was considerable movement in copper mining. Mark L. Requa had purchased what later became the Nevada

consolidated mines and after the expenditure of several millions of dollars had sold out at fabulous profits to the Guggenheim interests. Thomas Lawson was aware of this and he opened up a copper mine in northern California that showed excellent prospects. The work was legitimate, but the idea that Lawson had was to exploit the mine on the Boston stock exchange. There were huge profits in copper mining, but bigger ones could be made selling stock at prices at which no mine could be reasonably expected to pay decent dividends. Whatever Lawson's stock manipulations meant, the mine in California was in the hands of competent men, who strove by every possible means to make the venture profitable. The Argonaut had previously made the thousands of preliminary analyses on the Nevada Consolidated ores, so it was but natural that the analyses made on Lawson's California mine should come to him. Instructions were that the same methods should be used as were employed on the Nevada ores. But evidently something was going wrong. Every tenth sample was being forwarded to Denver and



Mr. Isaac Lipsett and daughter Frances of Los Angeles. Mr. Lipsett is a wood engraver employed by Barker Bros., largest furniture house in Los Angeles. He is their most skillful engraver and a valued employee.



Not to be outdone, Charles M. Rice, formerly of the Philippines, introduces Miss Sally Kellogg, Filipino American, who stands at the right end of the line. At the extreme left is Freeman Rice, Mr. Rice's hearing son and well known to the deaf. The deaf are a cosmopolitan crowd in their big gatherings, being drawn together by the common bond of deafness.

New York for comparative analyses. As we would say, where the percentage of copper was less than 5%, San Francisco, New York and Denver were running even. Where the percentage was more than 5%, San Francisco was running lowest of the three. This looked bad for San Francisco, namely the Argonaut, and it became necessary to make an investigation as to the whereof of it all. Not that the men in Denver or New York would assist. Far from it. Trials with the so called bromine-

method, brought results up and indicated where the trouble lay. So the bromine method became established hereabouts. Speaking non-technically about the bromine method, the most important thing is opening the bromine bottle. The first bottle the writer opened temporarily blinded him and drove him from the laboratory for nearly an hour. Some time late the laboratory was turned over early one morning to a chemist, a former University of California professor, who wished to perfect himself in the method. The writer forgot to warn him about opening the bromine bottle, and sometime later met the young professor sitting outside the laboratory, both eyes tightly closed. He could spell after a fashion on his fingers, and this is what he spelled, "D—n the bromine method." It's a far cry from bromine bottles to Boston stocks, yet viewed back after a lapse of twenty years, they do not seem so far apart.

Harrison Musgrave Leiter

He's a well-known judge of figures!
No—your error—I'll be frank:
Not of bathing beauties' "figures,"
But the figures in a bank!



VER 20 years in Chicago banking circles, Harry Leiter is Chairman Grand Trustee of our National Fraternal Society of the Deaf—over \$1,000,000 in assets. Treasurer world's finest deaf clubhouse. Has won money awards in the U. S. championship (American Bowling Congress) tournaments the past eight years straight. But his chief achievement—to hear him tell it—is that he sired twins!

Born in Chicago, 1890; deaf in infancy; entered Illinois school 1897; salutarian of 1908 class and first baseman on the ball team. Height 5:11½; weight 170; blonde hair and blue eyes; "collar-ad" type—as our frontpiece of this issue shows.



On graduation, secured work in old Continental National Bank. Left 1½ years later for the Corn Exchange National; with it ever since. Following several mergers, this will soon be known as the Continental Illinois Bank and Trust Company, capital \$50,000,000—fourth largest in America, and largest under one roof.

Leiter is supervisor of pay-off clerks in the coupon department, which employs some sixty souls. A mediocre oralist, he never tries to use speech in his work, depending on spelling and code signs to direct his subordinates.



Has served as a Grand Trustee of our frat since 1916. In addition to holding a varied lot of local offices, has been treasurer of Chicago's Silent Athletic Club ever since the boys bought that magnificent clubhouse ten years ago, in which capacity he has handled an annual turnover of some \$30,000. April first of this year he

paid off the last of the \$25,000 worth of "Sac" bonds, issued when the \$50,000 property was purchased by the boys immediately after the war.



Bowling is his hobby. High marks in competition are 277 for a single game, and 702 for series of three games. In practice last fall he rolled 299—just one pin short of the coveted perfect 300.



Attending the 1918 frat convention in Philadelphia, he fell in love with a bright and attractive maiden—Katherine Cardell. A correspondence courtship culminated in their marriage in 1919. The couple have three healthy children: Caroline, aged 5, and the twins, Marguerite and Doris, born last October. Residence, 845 East 89th. St., Chicago.



He bumps the bounding bowling ball
With melody divine;
His spearing chokes the hearing folks—
"Two-hundred-ninety-nine!"

J. FREDERICK MEAGHER

SONG OF A DEAF MUTE

I would learn something from you, boys,
So please enlighten me;
Tell me, what is this thing they call noise?
Oh, say, what can it be?

What is the sighing of the wind?
What is this thing called song?
The rustling of the maple limb?
The Angelus' ding-dong?

You speak, and the people hear you?
I speak, but no one knows.
I must speak with signs, like a Sioux,
Now, why, do you suppose?

From me the sea withholds its song,
As also do the birds;
The storm is still rushing along,
What are sweet mother words?

Tell me, what is this thing called noise,
Which I'll never enjoy?
What are its blessings and its joys?
Oh, please tell this deaf boy!

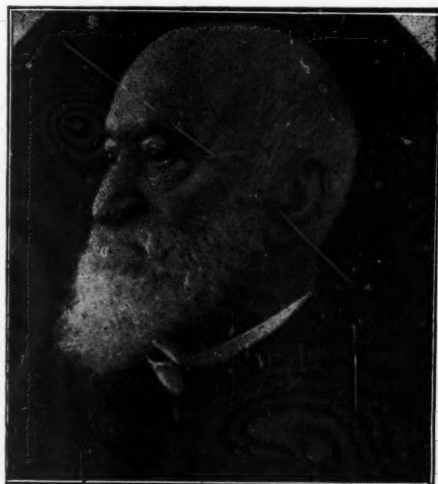
EDDIE J. McDADE, JR.

Dunmore, Scranton, Pa.

Biography of John Chamberlain

THE NATIONAL CYCLOPAEDIA OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY, contains the following:

CHAMBERLAIN, John, Clergyman, was born at New Market, N. H., Dec. 7, 1838, son of Schuyler and Elizabeth (Scott)



The late Reverend John Chamberlain

Chamberlain, and a descendant of Edmund Chamberlain, who came to America from England in the first half of the seventeenth century and settled in Massachusetts. From Edmund and his wife Hannah Burdett the line of descent is traced through their son Edmund and his wife Elizabeth Bartholomew; their son John and his wife Hannah Childs; their son John and his wife Mary Frissell and their son Roswell and his wife Martha Mason, who were the grandparents of John Chamberlain. His father was a Methodist clergyman. He was educated in private and public schools of Vermont and, after teaching for



Mrs. Elizabeth Chamberlain

several terms in the public schools of the state, went to western Iowa in 1859 and for two years was employed in various occupations. He was graduated with honors at Crisswold College. In 1865 he became the rector of St. Paul's Church, Council Bluffs, Ia. While visiting in the East during the same year he met

the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, rector of St. Ann's church, New York City, and manager of its sepical missions to the deaf-mutes. He was advanced to the priesthood in 1866 and continued his work in Iowa until 1872 when he accepted Dr. Gallaudet's fourth call to become his assistant general manager in the deaf-mute mission work.

Upon the death of Dr. Gallaudet, in 1902, Dr. Chamberlain succeeded him as rector of St. Ann's and general manager of the Church Mission to the Deaf. The deaf people of the parish included residents of all sections of New York City, Long Island, New Jersey and Connecticut. He was absent from his post in New York City for only two summers during the forty-nine years of his ministry at St. Ann's church. He was a profound scholar and theologian. In 1896 Washington and Lee University conferred upon him the degree of D.D. He was a member of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the National Geographic Society and New York Churchman's Association. He was chaplin to the Fort Washington Chapter of the Daughters of the American revolution. He was married Aug.



*Mrs. Chamberlain and her two children—
Schuyler and Margaret*

11, 1866, to Elizabeth Davidson, daughter of Maynard Mills, of New York City, and had seven children: Mary, Schuyler, Robert, Elizabeth, Margaret, Adelaide and Helen Chamberlain. He died in New York City, Jan. 10, 1921. Portrait facing p. 424.)

Mrs. Elizabeth Chamberlain, a widow of Rev. Mr. John Chamberlain, is still living in Boston, Mass. In spite of her advanced age, she is still an expert in oil paintings, especially of the scenic views of Vermont and other places. Her last painting "Moonlight scene in Vermont" is finished and will be sent to a party in Seattle, Washington, by whom it was ordered. Any one who is interested in oil paintings would be glad to order one. It is the way she earns her living to support her family.

The 18th of March, will be her 90th birthday. She is very proud of herself as she does not need eye glasses to see, read, paint, etc.

Editor Joel M. Bird

THERE comes to our exchange desk every Saturday a copy of *The Bryson City Times*, edited and owned by Joel M. Bird, an alumnus of this school who has made good in the world.

We never fail to take it up and read it through, not only to look for material worth reprinting in our paper but to add more to our joy at the evident success our friend of school days long ago is making in his newspaper field.

Joel was graduated from this school soon after we were, and went out into the world with nothing but an excellent general education and sound judgment, acquired through hard work at school, and rudiments of the printing trade, and best of all a firm character. He is the sort of a fellow who is determined to seize every opportunity



Joel M. Bird, wife and little daughter

newspaper offices and acquiring valuable experience in newspaper work, he, three or four years ago, was looking around for some opening that would offer him a better opportunity to use his ability. It happened that *The Bryson City Times* was put on sale, and here Joel saw his opportunity, but he also was aware that it meant a long and hard struggle if the paper were to be put on a firm footing. But he had confidence in himself. What little savings he had he invested in the paper and took charge of the defunct, poorly managed country weekly. The shop was inadequately equipped. A new big press, a linotype machine, and a hundred other things had to be secured. These Joel bought, all on installment plan. Moreover, he had to buy a home to live in—there was none for rent—and hence more “installment plan” to burden him. These three years he pulled thru with unimaginable struggles and sacrifices. Every little while there came a notice from the bank for payment of notes due and all other calls for installments, and all the time Joel had to have money to keep the newspaper going. Many nights he lay restlessly as he thought of ways and means to meet the notes and at the same time to supply his wife and baby with plenty of fresh milk and to pay for coal to keep the house warm. His little faithful wife, formerly the beautiful Bessie White, shared all the sufferings with him bravely and cheerfully. Their lovely and bright little daughter, Bettie now aged eight, was a constant source of inspiration to them. The three long years have now elapsed.

It was our good fortune to visit them last summer. There we saw with our own eyes what had been his lot to do. Joel with his eyes sparkling with pride and happiness said, “In four or five months the last installments will be paid up; and this shop and this home will be our own. No more sleepless nights. Then the \$4,000 or

more net income a year will be pouring into my own pockets instead of going into those of the “mortgage sharks.” We could not resist the temptation of jumping on our feet and giving Joel such a vigorous patting on his shoulder that it brought forth many “Ouch” cries from this deserving man. Joel is greatly honored and beloved by his fellow townsmen.

The following are extracts from an appreciation by R. L. Creal, president of the Bryson City Lions Club, that appeared in a recent issue of the *Times*, which has been greatly improved and is easily one of the most readable and neatest appearing county paper in the western end of the State, and is the official organ of Swain County:

“Editor Bird and his helpers have labored hard, working at times far into the night, to produce a sheet measuring up to the fondest hopes of his interested friends and benefactors. We have nothing but words of praise for the splendid way in which he has wrought. He deserves the backing and support of every citizen in Swain County. Every family should get the *Times* regularly, and every business firm just as regularly use the paper as an advertising medium.

We pledge to Mr. Bird our support and wish to assure the reading public that we will endeavor to help the editor continue to get out a paper worthy of the support of both subscribers and advertisers.”

Associated with Joel is our own Wilmer Mills who left school last year to help Mr. Bird and at the same time receive training under him. We found him doing splendidly, and in him Mr. Bird has a most agreeable and valuable helper.

Here we have told a little story about one of our old boys who has given his Alma Mater and Mr. Goodwin plenty of cause to be proud of the work we have been trying to do for the education of the N. C. deaf.—*North Carolinian*.

National Ass'n of the Deaf

16th TRIENNIAL CONVENTION

and

4th World Congress of the Deaf

Buffalo, N.Y., Aug. 4 To 9, 1930

This convention will be a triple-barrelled affair. Besides being a World Congress of the Deaf it will celebrate the Golden Anniversary of the N. A. D. and will witness the unveiling of the \$10,000 Abbe de l'Epee statue.

Come to Buffalo---See Niagara Falls

Come to Buffalo---See Roycroft Town

History will be made; come and help us make it. Hotel Reservations can now be made. Write for our attractive FREE folders and literature to

CHARLES N. SNYDER

Secretary-Publicity

58 Harrison Ave., Lockport, N. Y.

The New England Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf

THE New England Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes is located in Danvers which was moved from Everett two years ago and is about half a mile from the city line of Salem. It is surrounded by a river which flows through Beverly and Salem into the Atlantic Ocean and has beautiful scenery on all sides. The guests at the Home enjoy their time watching autos running past the place. Trolley cars pass the Home, and are very convenient when one desires to visit the city or the Home.

It was a long time before the management of the Home found a suitable place, but at last they found what they wanted in Danvers. The owner was J. Fredrick Hussey, a philanthropist who offered his homestead at low price. It was a great opportunity for the manage-



The back yard and lawn

ment to take possession of it. Mr. J. F. Hussey did not leave his homestead to the deaf alone for he took great interest in the welfare of the old people by keeping the homestead and gardens in good condition. Mr. Hussey's wife is one of the trustees and she takes an interest in their activities. Through her efforts the Home received many gifts, legacies, etc.

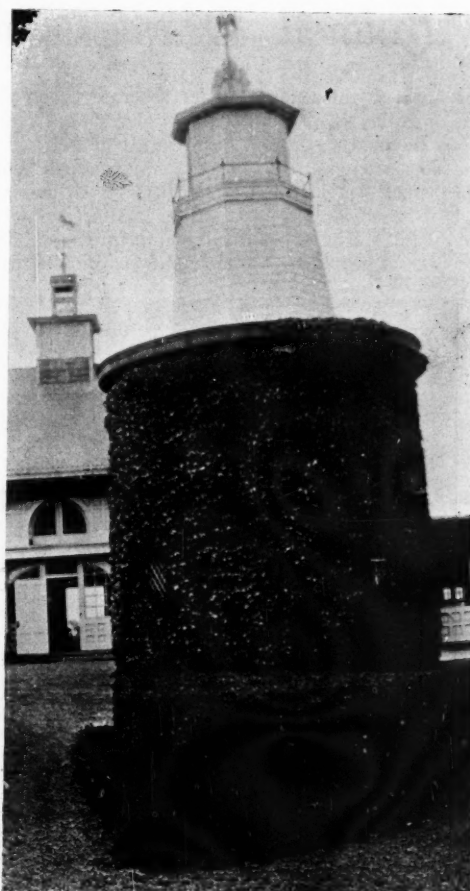
On the 4th of July, the deaf from all New England States held a reunion under the auspices of the National Fraternal Society of Boston. They enjoyed bathing at the easterly end of the dock and on the northern side there is a large place to hold games and lawn parties.

On the 12th of October, ("Columbus Day") the deaf organized "Donation Day," to collect donations and hold festivals, etc. In the evenings there are amusements and dancing in a big reception room where refreshments are also served.

W. W. W. THOMAS.



The Main building



The Old Tower now storage for garden implements



The Entrance



The reception Hall and Dormitory

Colored Deaf Man Has Shoe Repair Shop

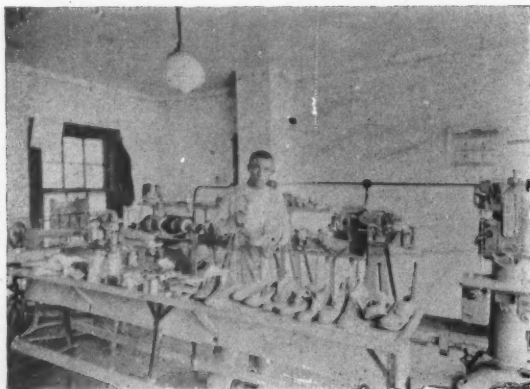
Dear Sir: I am sending under separate cover photographs of Harry B. Davis' repairing shoe shop. No. 1 is the start he made to go into business for himself. No. 2 shows some progress. No. 3 as it is now much progress has been made. He is doing remarkably well and makes enough to take care of his business and to support his family. They live a beautiful and comfortable flat of six rooms. They enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of

his folks in Flagstaff, Arizona, for some years, then went to Denver, Colorado, to work in the stockyards. He saved up his money and came to Chicago to work in the



Harry B. Davis

life. He has also saved up for rainy days. There is so much work that he has hired a hearing man to help him and he pays him wages. This is what a colored deaf man has done in a large city like Chicago when thrown upon his own resources and there's no dominion over him. He is an example of what an industrious man can do while employment for deaf-mutes in Chicago is quite a problem.



The Start

Harry Burton Davis was born in Nevada, Missouri. He entered the State School for the Colored Deaf at Fulton, Missouri, in 1903, and graduated in 1914. He was the first colored graduate at the time. He lived with



His Growing Business

stockyards for better wages. Later, he married Mary Wells, of Cincinnati, Ohio. They have a daughter seven years old. He continued to save his money and when he had enough, he went into business for himself and has been prosperous ever since.

He is a strong believer in giving one a chance to make good and is anxious to see the colored deaf build up their own churches and organize their own clubs and have their



Mr. Davis' Shop as it is today.

own race leaders, and be independent in every way. He is ready to give his support to the good cause.

MRS. BLANCHE W. WILLIAMS.

Are Colored Deaf Neglected?

4726 South Parkway,
Chicago, Ill., Nov. 20, 1928.

Dear Sir:

Two years ago, I wrote an article on Missionary Work among the Colored Deaf, in the hope that some one would come forward and help solve their problems for them, but as yet there has not been a remedy, instead of which their problems have multiplied. In a city like Chicago, where there are so many pitfalls and snares around every corner, it is a pity that what might have

been an achievement of merit and a solution to all their problems, turned out an utter failure, breaking up their peace and throwing them into a turmoil, out of which, at present, there seems to be no escape, just because a deaf minister, under cover of the story of Livingstone's heart being buried in Africa, trying to give the impression that he possessed the same sterling qualities of nobleness of character that Mr. Livingstone did, and that he was as unselfish and would help to uplift the colored deaf out of darkness. So, instead of promising to get a salary for one of the colored deaf to carry on the work among themselves, he persuaded the bishop to appoint his own daughter to look after the colored deaf people, to relieve him of some of his burdens. A meeting-place, which belonged to colored people and was managed by colored people, she would not allow the colored deaf to hold meetings without her father, discouraging the attempts of the colored deaf to organize a club of their own, making peace among them impossible. The club was organized nevertheless, but the ill feelings engendered made it hard to get things smooth sailing. There being no money to carry on the work by the colored deaf themselves, the club did not function well; as a result the club has been broken up and they are an easy prey to the vices of life, with no thought of preparing for the hereafter, or improving their minds, or putting their talents to good use. Instead of setting a good example for their brothers and sisters in other states, they have made a bad impression on the whole world. But they are not to be blamed because this is the kind of missionary work that they have been treated with.

But we, the colored deaf, are helpless to stand up and fight for our rights. The only remedy is to help one of them to get the means to get out and clear up all the mess, that some good credit might be reflected upon the colored deaf and to make places for bright boys and girls who are now in school to fill, upon graduation, with credit to themselves and to the school from which they graduated.

BLANCHE W. WILLIAMS.

What Deaf Women Do

ASSISTANT BANK CASHIER

Miss Mary Smrha, of Milligan, Nebraska, is known among her deaf friends as "Banker." She has been bookkeeper and assistant cashier for the last 20 years at the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank of Milligan. There's nothing about the banking business that Miss Smrha does not know. There are a good many customers who prefer to do business with her; so the cashier has installed an electric device by which he can call Miss Smrha to the front whenever she is wanted. After graduating from the Nebraska School for the Deaf in 1903, she entered Gallaudet College the following fall. In her Junior year she was compelled to leave college on account of her father's serious illness which terminated in his death a year later. Meanwhile Mary was needed at home; so returning to college was out of the question. She taught several months at the Nebraska School for the Deaf and a year at the South Dakota School. A nervous breakdown compelled her to remain quietly at home for a year. She began then and there to take an interest in banking which resulted in that she was given the position of bookkeeper at the bank on trial. She proved efficient, painstaking, and without indispensable, and so has been for the past 20 years, ever faithful in the discharge of her duties at the bank. She lives with her mother.—*The Iowa Hawkeye.*

SILLY SUPERSTITIONS

We may laugh at the superstitious native of Morocco or Manchuria and pat ourselves upon the back as a compliment to our modernism, yet many of us still believe the most ridiculous things imaginable.

The unlucky thirteen; three lights from a match; a broken looking glass; the black cat—if any of these things worry you, go to Manchuria.

Even in our foods habits we lean back to the old woman's tales of yesterday. Children are told to shun candy because it will ruin their teeth. Candy dissolves almost immediately and for only a few minutes—and then does not harm them. Particles of solid food lodge in the crevices overnight and do the damage that superstition has foisted upon candy.

Good pure candy, by the way, is a sugar fuel that we need to help burn the fat we eat and keep our body engines running smoothly. As the consumption of sugar has made a spectacular gaining in this country during the past generation, and as child mortality is nothing compared with what it was twenty years ago, it seems to me that common sense should soon banish the old superstition and insist upon the inclusion of pure candy in the diet.

Willie—"Pa, what's a parasite?"

His Pa—"A parasite, son, is a man who walks through a revolving door without doing his share of pushing."



In this picture is Miss Edna Watson who graduated from Texas School for the Deaf in 1927. She is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Watson (nee Miss Alice Blansit who attended Alabama School, and the sister of Miss Angelia Watson who is attending Gallaudet College as a freshman this year. She is a typist and takes charge of the filing section in Arizona Highway Department at Phoenix. She is a great sport—a graceful dancer and very capable auto-driver. Her most favorite sports are horse-back riding and swimming. Recently she took part in the low-board diving contest and carried off a prize with her.

Concerning Homes for the Aged Deaf

IN THE *American Magazine* for August, "The Poor He Has With Him Always," is an account of an interview, by Mary B. Mullett, with Francis Bardwell, for the past eighteen years Inspector of Almshouses in Massachusetts, supervising 137 institutions which care for about 10,000 persons annually. It tells of some of the men and women he has known in the course of his years as Almshouse Visitor—little portraits in words, vivid pictures of human experience. He says:

"A good many people in the almshouses are not all there mentally, but it is from these clouded minds that I have received some of the most revealing lights on the average normal instincts of human nature. . . . And then there was the story of Tommy. He was born deaf and dumb, and, as if that wasn't enough of an affliction, he had a club-foot, and his mind never 'grew up'. So Tommy was about as badly handicapped as any one could be. Until he was about forty years old, life seemed sweet to him in spite of all this—for he had his mother!

"His father had been dead many years; but Tommy and his mother loved each other with a deep and understanding affection. Each was all in all to the other. Then came the day when his mother folded her worn hands, closed her tired, loving eyes—and left him a grown man with the mind and heart of a child to hobble along through his silent world.

"It hurts me to think of the months that followed, when he crept aimlessly and desolately about the house and over the little farm which his mother had worked with his help. He became a mere shadow, half-starved; the child-mind and the child-heart breaking under the loneliness of it all.

"Finally the townspeople 'discovered' Tommy and he was sent to the poor farm. The matron, Eliza, was a fine woman. Many of these poorhouse matrons are marvels of kindness and sympathetic understanding. She watched and studied this new member of her strangely assorted family. It seemed as if he should have been sent to an asylum but instead of welcoming this as a means of ridding herself of a burden, she tried to think of some way of avoiding it.

"She used to put her baby, in its perambulator out on the piazza to sleep. Occasionally she would look out of the window to see if the child was all right; and as she did this one morning, she saw Tommy bending over the little sleeper. Repressing her first terrified impulse to rush out and protect her child, she stood there and watched. Gently, Tommy touched with care one finger of the baby's tiny hand. Then he sat down on the porch railing, where he could see the child's face. He stayed there absolutely motionless until Eliza went out, lifted the baby from its carriage, and with a smile held it in her arms for Tommy to look at. She almost thought he smiled. Perhaps he wanted to, but had forgotten how.

The next morning when the baby was left on the porch to sleep, Tommy came again and sat beside it. Day after day he did this, while Eliza—wise and kind Eliza—watched from behind the window curtain. Once she saw Tommy take the baby's hand, hold it for a minute, then gently put it under the coverlet.

"Finally a day came when the baby opened her eyes looked up at Tommy, and smiled at him. Then Tommy, remembered how to smile! A sort of radiance came into his face, and Eliza knew that the problem of Tommy had been solved.

"The child grew to adore him. She would hold out her arms, wanting to go to him. She would cry,—so would he—when they were separated. Before this he had taken no share in the work at the poor farm; he had seemed incapable of it. But now, in order to be near the baby, who was often with her mother in the kitchen, he began to help a little with the routine duties. And so he became a useful member of the household, and a happy one.

"My experience has taught me that the two great factors in human happiness and contentment are work and companionship. Tommy had found both. Something to do. And something to love. The first satisfies the needs of the mind. The other satisfies the needs of the heart. Each helps, but neither alone can work the miracle of happiness."

Tommy—a pathetic figure—an uneducated crippled deaf-mute, uncommunicative, idling away his days in the alien atmosphere of a Home for the hearing—a sore

problem indeed for these well-meaning authorities who had finally decided that he was a fit subject only for an asylum. But the new Tommy with his radiant love of a little child was accepted at least as a human being, capable of loving and of being loved, and was treated accordingly. "And a little child shall lead them." It may be that the above figure has been "played up" a bit—as is usually the case, but there can be no doubt that there are a good many Tommies in all parts of this country. And there must also be many cases of well-educated old deaf people who—however well meaning the relatives or friends with whom they live may be—are practically being denied both of those "two factors in human happiness and contentment, WORK and COMPANIONSHIP," which a Home for the Aged is supposed to provide, and which only a Home for the Aged Deaf can properly provide for the aged deaf—not a Home for the hearing.

Take, for one instance, this paragraph from Mrs. Barrett's Angelenograms in the November SILENT WORKER:

"There had been a general impression that there were few, if any, aged deaf in California needing care in such a home. Mrs. Lewis gave the Convention a shock of surprise when she announced that on a recent visit to the County Poor Farm at Downey, she and her party found five old deaf people there. Two of them were unknown to the local deaf, a woman from England, and a woman from Canada. These two did not know signs, but Mr. Lewis, who is an expert with the manual used by the English, was able to talk with them. Mr. Kennedy painted a pathetic picture of the loneliness of these old people among hearing patients. Other speakers revealed that several times there have been INQUIRIES FOR SUCH A HOME BY HEARING PEOPLE HAVING CHARGE OF AGED DEAF RELATIVES OR FRIENDS."

And the writer, as a member of the committee to see about a Home for the Aged Deaf of California, received several days ago, a most pathetic letter from an old deaf lady, over eighty, living with a married hearing sister. They moved some months ago to a strange town in another part of the state, where there are no other deaf people around. This letter tells of the almost unbearable loneliness, and a longing for deaf company, and for an occupation of some kind to help pass the time—"something to do;" and winds up with an appeal to the writer to find a home of some kind for her in one of the big deaf "centers"—not an Old Home for the hearing, for which she expresses a dread. No need here to dwell upon the dreary prospect now before this kindly old soul, so suddenly deprived of all deaf company, and whose education does not happen to have been such as to enable her to find some consolation in books and reading. A correspondence may mean some comfort and joy for her, but a letter is a poor substitute for a friend, especially in a case like this.

Let's hope the day is not far off when every State Association for the Deaf in this Union will at least be fully awake to this problem.

WILDEY MEYERS.

This pen, like unto a day of the year, moves swiftly and writes the will of its master. All too swiftly its day is spent and who can tell but that its day has been of use to someone—Anthony.

A Successful Deaf Farmer

MR. FRANK WALSER, of Minneapolis Lake, is one of the most successful deaf farmers in the country. He owns and operates a fine farm of 160 acres in one of the most farming districts in Minnesota. Until recently he has specialized in hogs and marketed 200 herd and more every year.

Two years ago, he started raising turkeys as a diversion and had wonderful success with them from the start. This year he is raising some seven hundred pure bred bronze turkeys for the market. Next year he intends to

discontinue the raising of hogs, and go into the turkey raising business on a large scale.

Mr. Walser and his turkeys are becoming famous, and he has no difficulty in disposing of them at a very handsome profit.

Dr. W. A. Billings, veterinarian of the University of Minnesota extension farm, pronounces Mr. Walser's turkeys the finest in the State.

Mr. Walser is married and has four sons. He and his wife are graduates of the state school for the deaf at Fairbault.—*Minnesota Companion*.



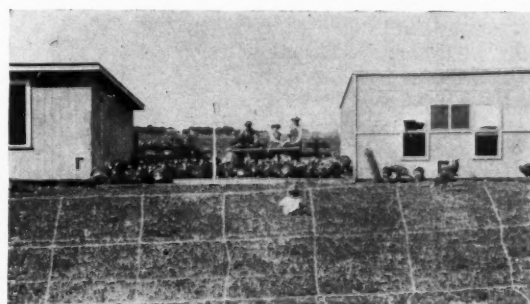
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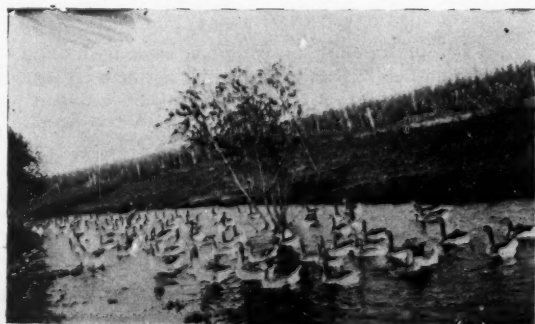
A distant view of Thanksgiving



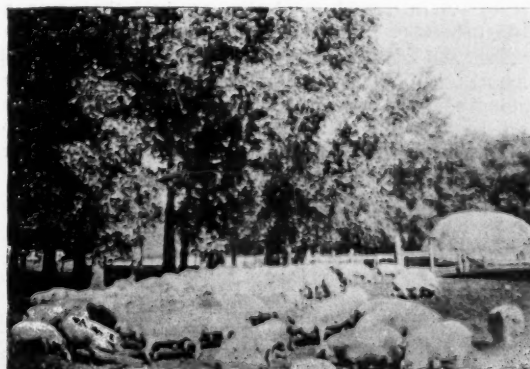
Walser's Residence



A View of Turkey Run



Flock of Geese on Walser's Farm



Some Porkers

Of Interest to the Housewife

(Tested Recipes by courtesy of Recipe Service Co., of Philadelphia)

By Betty Barclay

RAW VEGETABLE SALAD

- 1 package lemon flavored gelatin
- 1 pint boiling water
- 2 tablespoons vinegar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- Shake of cayenne pepper
- ½ cup beets, cut fine
- ½ cup raw carrots, cut fine
- ½ cup raw cabbage, cut fine
- ½ cup celery, cut fine

Dissolve flavored gelatin in boiling water. Add vinegar, salt and cayenne pepper. Chill. When slightly thickened, stir in beets, carrots, cabbage and celery. Put into individual molds. Chill until firm. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise. Serves 6.

ORANGE VINEGAR

Put the juice from six oranges in a glass jar; add a cake of compressed yeast, dissolved in a little of the juice; cover with cheese-cloth, and let stand in a warm place about a month, or until sour enough to use. Strain, and use in place of cider vinegar.

BRIDE CROQUETTES

Two cups left-over meat or fish may be mixed with 1 cup thick cream sauce for croquettes. Mold in desired shape, roll in dried bread crumbs, then in beaten egg, again in bread crumbs and fry in hot fat. Thick cream sauce calls for 1 cup milk, ¼ cup flour, 3 tablespoons butter, ½ teaspoon salt and a touch of pepper.

DEVIL'S FOOD

- ¼ cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 egg yolks
- ½ cup milk
- 1¼ cups flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 2 egg whites
- 2 squares chocolate
- Grated rind ½ orange

Cream butter; add, gradually, one-half the sugar and melted chocolate. Beat yolks of eggs until thick and lemon-colored, and add gradually, the remaining sugar. Combine mixtures, and add milk, alternately, with flour, sifted with baking powder; then add whites of eggs, beaten stiff, and grated orange rind. Bake forty-five to fifty minutes. Frost with boiled orange frosting. When frosting is cool, spread a thin layer of melted chocolate over the top.

BOILED CAKE FROSTING

- 1 cup sugar
- one third cup orange juice
- Grated rind 1 orange
- 1 egg white

In a smooth agate saucepan put sugar and orange juice and rind, mix well, and boil, being careful not to stir or disturb syrup until it will spin a long thread when it drips

from tip of spoon. Lift gently from fire, and pour slowly, while beating vigorously with a strong eggbeater, in a fine stream onto egg white which has been beaten until light but not stiff. Continue beating until frosting is stiff enough to stay in place, pour all at once onto cake and spread over surface with a few movements of a large, flat knife.

DATE GEMS

- 1 cup flour
- 5 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup graham flour
- 1 cup chopped dates
- 1½ cups milk
- 2 tablespoons melted butter or other fat

Sift flour, baking powder and salt together. Add graham flour and dates and mix thoroughly. Add milk and butter slowly, stirring constantly. Pour into greased muffin pans and bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. This makes 12 muffins.

FRIZZLED BEEF SUPREME

Melt butter in hot frying pan, add dried beef, and stir until it browns and curls. Add more butter for cream sauce. Add flour and stir until well blended. Add milk gradually until desired consistency is obtained. Stir to avoid lumps.

Use the proportion of 2 tablespoons of flour to 1 cup of milk. If the dried beef is too salty, soak for 10 or 15 minutes in cold water; drain thoroughly and dry by patting between folds of clean, dry cloth. Have dry before adding to melted butter. Serve on toast if you wish.

GOLDEN GLOW

- 1 package lemon junket
- 1 pint milk
- 1 cup stewed apricots
- 1 egg white
- 1 tablespoon sugar

Prepare half the lemon junket with half the milk according to directions on package; pour into five individual dessert glasses. Rub the stewed dried apricots through a sieve and sweeten to taste. When the junket is firm add a layer of apricots. Cover with the other half of the lemon junket prepared as the first. When firm set away to chill. At time of serving top with apricot whip, made by beating the egg white until stiff, then adding sugar and two tablespoons of apricot pulp.

SPINACH WITH BACON

- Spinach
- Salt, pepper and a dash of sugar
- ¼ cup mild vinegar
- Breakfast bacon

Boil the spinach as usual. Cut bacon into small cubes and panfry. When the spinach is done drain it and add it to meat, add vinegar and other seasonings. Stir well and let boil about two minutes.

The Deaf World

Mr. Jay Cooke Howard wrote friends here that he will probably locate in Spokane, Washington, where he is now stopping with Mr. James H. O'Leary.—*California News.*

The *Minnesota Companion* notes the celebration of the 40th birthday of the mercantile house of Ochs Brothers. This firm, founded by a graduate of the Minnesota School for the Deaf, is one of the largest and most prosperous business concerns in Southern Minnesota.

Douglas Tilden is kept busy making several models for proposed statues. A recent visit to his studio revealed some original models that may some day add to his fame as a sculptor who creates in enduring bronze works of arts for the edification of the generations to come.—*California News.*

We give third prize to John O'Rourke for being Gallaudet's champion globe trotter. He has been travelling in Australia, China, and Japan, and is now supposed to be in California. First prize goes to Cadwallader Washburn, '90; second prize to Henry L. Stafford, '93; but—keep your eye on Kelly H. Stevens, '20.—*The Buff and Blue.*

On February 6th, Mr. T. d'Estrella, veteran teacher of this school, celebrated his 78th birthday. He received the congratulations of his many friends. In honor of the occasion, the pupils and a few friends presented him with a beautiful and much needed reading lamp. In spite of his years, Mr. d'Estrella is still actively teaching.—*California News.*

The Rev. Jacob M. Koehler moved to St. Luke's Parish House, 232 Wyoming Ave., Scranton, from Olyphant, November 22nd, having accepted appointment by the Bishop as curate to the rector of the Parish in charge of the Deaf-Mute Mission. Mrs. Koehler, not feeling well, has gone to Pittsburgh for the winter with her son Bert—so the house in Olyphant had to be closed for the winter.—*Mt. Airy World.*

Kelly H. Stevens, instructor in art in the New Jersey School, motored way out West during his summer vacation. He was accompanied by a young deaf artist of note, Jean Hanau of Paris, France. They visited Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and Colorado. At the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, and elsewhere, both made some paintings of the beautiful scenery along the way.—*The Buff and Blue.*

Fred Mahan, the deaf-mute pugilist of Columbus, O., is still knocking 'em out. A newspaper story says: The boxing instructor at the University of Pittsburgh, DeMarco, said to be the best ringman in Pittsburgh, met Fred Mahan, the Mexican mute, Friday evening, November 16, and Mahan won after a splendid exhibition of pure, clever boxing. It was called one of the most thrilling pugilistic affairs seen in Columbus for years.—*Catholic Deaf-Mute.*

John Pace Jenkins and his wife, who was Esther Kearns, live in Santa Maria where John is a moving picture machine operator. As John is deaf, the owner of the theatre has arranged a light signal system so that John may manipulate the spotlight correctly during vaudeville performances. This system is used instead of the usual phone on the other stages works satisfactorily and John has a safe between operator and back stage. It berth. He learned how to operate the machine when he was a pupil here. Quite a few of our boys have been thus trained.—*California News.*

The School had a visit from Mr. Jay Cooke Howard recently. He addressed the pupils in the chapel, delighting them with his oft-told frog story. Mr. Howard is one of the most prominent deaf men in the United States. He has retired, at least for the time being, from active participation in the business of the Howard Investment Company of Duluth, Minnesota, which he has left in the hands of one of his sons. He is now making a tour of the United States, having traveled by auto more than thirty-six thousand miles in the last seven months without any serious accident, which fact is a good argument for deaf drivers.—*Oregon Outlook.*

Mr. Arthur O. Steidemann, who acted Lay-Reader in St. Louis, Mo., under the late Dr. James H. Cloud for quite a number of years, and who has been keeping up the work there since Dr. Cloud's demise, was ordained to the Diaconate by Rt. Rev. Frederick Foote Johnson, Bishop of Missouri, in Christ Cathedral, St. Louis, on May 20, 1928. For the present the Rev. Mr. Steidemann will continue his secular work as an architect, limiting his Church work to St. Louis, but it is hoped that he will be advanced to the Priesthood in due time and, giving up secular employment, devote his entire time to missionary work among the deaf. He makes a welcome addition to the ranks of our clergy. May God bless his labors.—*The Message.*

This writer recently received a letter from Dr. Cadwallader Washburn who has been in France for some time. He said he was recovering from a broken leg. How he accident happened he failed to say. He further said, "I constantly think of California, and the possibilities of returning there in the late fall of 1929. Yet I have so much to accomplish on this side before I can plan to go back. There was a possibility of going about two months ago en route to Hawaii to do some work on a commission."

Dr. Washburn is a celebrated deaf etcher whose works have been exhibited in many galleries in Europe and America. He was educated at the Minnesota State School for the Deaf, and at Gallaudet College.—*California News.*

Among the American Indians, the sign language, which is another way of saying pantomime, was the first mode of expression. The Indians, more than any other people, could act and mimic with great skill. Later, in the age of imitative

sound, the Indians became extremely clever in reproducing the cries of birds and beasts. We are told that the Indians imitated the cries of the animals they wished to trap when hunting and actually fooled the animals themselves.

The American-Indian languages are usually gathered into one group by the linguists. Among the North American Indians, languages changed with such amazing rapidity that we can find very few Indian tribes speaking the same tongue. When a tribe split up and its members were separated even for only one or two generations, they were scarcely able to understand one another when they came together again.—*Selected.*

The will of James B. Ford made bequests to thirty-four public institutions aggregating \$885,000 and a bequest to the Explorers' Club of \$50,000.

The largest single bequest was \$200,000 to the New York Institution for the Instruction for the Deaf. He also gave \$10,000 to the Church Mission for Deaf-Mutes. Being a member of the Board of Directors of the New York Institution for many years, he was intimately informed concerning the obstacles that impede the deaf boy or girl in the struggle for an education.

The path of a deaf child seeking education and training is hampered with difficulties. There is no other class of people who carry such a heavy handicap from childhood to the grave. But when a deaf-mute is efficiently educated, he is transformed into a law-abiding citizen, a faithful and industrious wage-earner, a profit to the commonwealth, and an asset to the community in which he lives.—*Deaf-Mutes' Journal.*

The *American Magazine* gives a stirring account of the life of William Boular, who though deaf, dumb, and legless, is the champion brick-layer of the Missouri Valley. Before a recent injury in which he was struck by a careless automobile driver, Boular could lay bricks with such rapidity that his pay envelope usually contained twice as much as his nearest competitor's. It took a whole corps of darkies to wheel bricks fast enough to him. He did not have to stoop or kneel.

William Boular married a widow with several children, whom he raised. He bought and paid for his own home. He is an excellent hunter, both on the water and on land. To maintain his seat in the two wheeled cart he uses on hunting trips, he has a strap fastened across the stumps of his legs. Following his recent injury which is now confining him to his bed, public spirited citizens raised a fund of a thousand dollars to defray his hospital bills and other expenses.—*California News.*

That the deaf are capable of engaging successfully in nearly all kinds of work and business is shown by the records of the deaf of Ontario. There were over four hundred deaf persons in attendance at the Convention in Toronto last summer, and a canvas of those present revealed the fact that they

are variously engaged in some sixty different kinds of work. There are carpenters, shoemakers, printers, linotypists, farmers machinists, artists, engravers, postal clerks (20), casket makers, blacksmiths, railiners, teachers, wood carvers, letter carriers, dress-makers, typists, seamstresses, tailors, hat-makers, caretakers, bookbinders, electricians, upholsterers, canners, basket and reed workers, paper hangers, news dealers, photographers, pressers and cleaners barbers, railway clerks, customs clerk, bee-keepers, fruit growers, mechanical engineers, workers in many kinds of factories, laborers, and numerous others. And all seemed to be prosperous, happy and contented.—*The Canadian*.

Recognition of the right of the deaf to sit in at committee conferences of national importance, having to do with the problems of the deaf in school and out, has been gracefully given by the National Research Council, sponsored by the Rockefeller Foundation, which invited three leading deaf men to attend a meeting in Washington, D. C., February 1 and 2. These men are Dr. J. Schuyler Long, principal of the Iowa School for the deaf, and nationally prominent in the affairs of the deaf for the past quarter of a century; Mr. Francis P. Gibson, president of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, probably the best known national figure engaged in work in behalf of the adult deaf as head of a million dollar insurance society; and Mr. Arthur L. Roberts, president of the National Association of the Deaf and able secretary-treasurer of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. There is a possibility that other deaf men were invited to this conference, but if so, their names are not available at this writing.

The men named above attended the Washington conference with a number of men and women from all over the country, prominently identified with the education and the welfare of the deaf. We wait with much interest the report of this conference, which we will endeavor to summarize for our readers.—*Hawkeye*.

The *Folta Review* quotes Dr. Dana W. Drury in the May issue of *Hygeia*, the health magazine, as stating that deafened persons carry a load of fatigue that is rarely appreciated by those who are not afflicted. First there is the appreciable effort made to hear when sounds are confused. This may be not merely a source of embarrassment, but a serious demand on the nervous system as well. Next lip-reading is made difficult by the fact that many consonants resemble each other and by the indistinct articulation of many persons. Thus lip-reading is another source of nervous strain in the effort to see as well as hear. Third, if hearing is almost totally absent the effort to see and the effort to hear combined are inadequate to present to the mind the complete spoken sentence. Each sentence thus become a puzzle to be worked out by filling in the context, being a third demand on the nervous energy in addition to the effort of seeing and hearing.

To my way of looking at it the hard of hearing person's troubles come largely from trying to live the life of a person with normal hearing. We so-called semi-

deaf persons who lost our hearing in adolescence have all passed through the experiences which the deafened are constantly combatting. Our difficulties ceased when we learned to live the life best adapted to us. As for the born deaf person, he never, unless misdirected, has these troubles. He adjusts himself to his environment from infancy. Anyone can notice the complacency with which many of our deaf from birth meet the routine of their daily lives. Even at that there is always a drain upon the nervous energy of all people, be they deaf or hearing. A hearing man in robust health, after serving as interpreter during an afternoon's session in court for a blind and deaf man, told me that he would never go through the experience again. It was the most exhausting afternoon that he had ever spent. Yet it was part of the afflicted man's daily life, to which having become accustomed, he assumed with tranquility.—*California News*.

The address of Superintendent E. A. Stevenson, which has been published in the previous and present issues of *The Companion*, was given before the Quarterly Conference of the Executive Heads of State Institutions with the State Board of Control, in connection with the State Conference of Social Work, held in St. Paul, September 16 last. We have published it in full because it contains much information of value to parents of deaf children and to others who are interested in the work of educating the deaf.

There is one point to which we wish to call special attention, and that is the relation between the state school and the day schools. Superintendent Stevenson believes that we should aim for closer cooperation among these schools. The day schools are a recognized part of the educational work of the state for the deaf, as much so as the state school. The day schools and the state school are working toward a common end—the welfare of the deaf children of the state. By cooperation of effort, more and better work can be done.

Originally the day school was what the name implies,—a school where deaf children could attend during the day and return to their homes after the close of school in the afternoon. The law providing for this was later amended to allow the day schools to receive pupils from distant places, thus necessitating provision for their board and care outside of school hours. We think that this is an inadvisable arrangement. The day schools have no facilities for boarding pupils, so that pupils attending from distant parts have to be boarded in private families. The out-of-school care and training of deaf children is highly important. These private families, with cares and responsibilities of their own, and lacking understanding of deaf children, can not give these deaf children the care that they need.

The state school is the proper place for deaf children who cannot go to school and return home during the day. It is equipped with sanitary sleeping rooms, has a well regulated menu, and has various means by which the children can spend their out-of-school time pleasantly and profitably, all under careful supervision by experienced caretakers.

And a most important feature of the state school is the provision made for safeguarding the health of the pupils. There is a detached hospital building with a trained nurse in charge and an attending physician at call.

We think it would be for the best interests of the deaf children if the day schools confined themselves to their original purpose of educating children living near enough to return to their homes at the close of school daily, leaving to the state school the care of the children who, on account of distance, have to remain away from home.

In a previous issue of *The Companion* we ventured the suggestion that it might be a good thing if the state school and the day schools could agree upon a natural division of their labors between those children deaf from birth or early childhood and having no hearing at all or very little, and the hard of hearing children, the state school devoting itself to the former and the day school to the latter class. Hard of hearing children have usually a good command of spoken English and often of written, and they can receive considerable instruction through the ear. The environment of the day school would be excellent for them, giving opportunity for exercise of speech and hearing among the hearing children of the public schools. The most important work of the state school is the teaching of spoken English to deaf children who, in most cases, start at zero point. This is a slow and laborious undertaking and requires special methods. If a working agreement could be reached whereby the day schools would take the hard of hearing and leave the rest to the state school, we think it would be to the advantage both of the schools and the pupils.

In case such a working agreement were arrived at, the next step would be to draw the line between the hard of hearing and the deaf classes of children. This should be done by experts, those who understand the deaf, and who, from long experience, are able to determine what degree of hearing entitles the subject to be classed with the hard of hearing. Many deaf children possess more or less sense of sound perception, yet the experienced educator knows that any attempt to teach them spoken language through the ear would be a waste of time. An inexperienced arbiter might class such children among the hard of hearing to their ultimate disadvantage.—*The Companion*.

AMERICAN INSTRUCTORS MEETING

The Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf will be held at the Minnesota School for the Deaf, Victor O. Skyberg, Superintendent, Fairbault, beginning June 17th.

Mr. Driggs of Utah is president of the Convention and Dr. E. A. Gruver, Vice-President, also Chairman of the Normal and Program Committees. Mr. H. B. Brown is Chairman of the Industrial Section.—*Mt. Airy World*.

DEAF PUBLISHERS A-PLenty

Four of North Carolina's leading weekly newspapers are owned edited by deaf men, all of whom are former students of this school. W. B. Keziah

is editor of the *News-Reporter*, published at Whiteville, N. C.; J. M. Vestal, the *Burlington Journal*, Burlington, N. C.; O. G. Carrell, *The Duplin Record*, Warsaw, N. C.; and Joel M. Bird, *The Bryson City Times*, Bryson City, N. C. We challenge any other state to produce the names of more deaf editors than North Carolina.—*Deaf Carolinian*.

TELEVISION AND THE DEAF

Speaking of the possibilities of television a writer makes this prediction: "Probably by the time the next President is inaugurated we shall sit in our libraries and not only hear his inauguration address, but see him delivering it." This expectation means even more to the deaf than it can to the hearing, for with the deaf it will take the place the radio now fills for the hearing.—*Alabama Messenger*.

WORLD'S MOST SILENT ROOM

The world's most sound-proof room has just been completed at the University of Utrecht, in Holland.

The unique room was designed by Professor H. Zwaardemaker to test the behavior of human ears in experiments that would be ruined by the slightest accidental noise. It is built like a thermos bottle, for it is a room within a room, from the space between is double wall, air has been pumped out to leave a vacuum. The walls themselves are made of alternate layers of lead, wood, and felt; while the entire chamber rests upon pillars built of concrete, wood, and horsehair.—*P. B. Prior*.

EDISON TO MAKE TALKIES FOR DEAF

FORT MYERS, Fla., Jan. 24.—Thomas A. Edison, the electrical wizard, told newspaper men at his winter home here today some inventor soon will be called on to perfect an apparatus to enable 2,500,000 deaf people in the United States, to enjoy shows. He added:

"And it looks as though it is another job in store for me."

"Now that they are turning the movies into 'talkies,' it lets me out for I can't hear a thing. There are 2,500,000 people who are deaf like myself, and some one is going to have to make special pictures for them. I don't think movie producers have thought of that yet."—*Trenton Courier*.

DEAF AND DUMB BOY BLINDED IN BOTH EYES

Texarkana, Ark., Dec. 26.—For seven of his nine years, Edward Crawford was unable to hear Christmas horns or to express his admiration of gifts, and this Christmas he is unable even to see the array of brilliant-hued toys that Santa Claus left for him in a Texarkana hospital.

He has been deaf and dumb since an attack of spinal meningitis during his second Christmas. Saturday, he and some companions were celebrating the advent of Christmas by exploding dynamite caps. One exploded in Edward's face, blinding both eyes.—*Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

NEW TRIUMPHS FOR CADWALLADER WASHBURN

Dr. Cadwallader Washburn is still in France, his headquarters being at Casa Gyptis, Mentone, France. During the summer he had his first exhibition of his etchings in the principal capitols of Europe. We are glad to announce that it was an unqualified success. The British Museum has acquired several of his prints. The French government has purchased ten copies for the Musee de Luxembourg. Our friend is much pleased with this distinctive recognition, for these prints will be transferred to the Louvre ten years after his death. As for us, we hope that the transfer will not take place for a good many years to come.—*Buff and Blue*.

MAY PROVE ASSET

Said at the recent Washington Conference:

Dr. Gordon Berry, of Worcester, Mass., said that for some jobs deafness actually proves an asset, because the deaf person has trained his power of observation far more than the normal individual.

The deaf get along better than those who hear, when their status is considered in proportion to the rest of the population, said Dr. E. A. Gruver, director of the Pennsylvania Institute for the Deaf. "We have been surprised again," he said, "at children who go out from school apparently feeble-minded who came back in their own automobiles. They take better care of their children and their families."

Prof Donald Patterson, of the University of Minnesota, urged that a special study be made of a colony of 500 deaf persons employed by a tire company in Akron, Ohio. These have become very prosperous. A study of the way they have adjusted themselves to their jobs, he said, should yield information which could be applied elsewhere.

Properly trained deaf children, Dr. Goldstein said, are able to hold their own in colleges without any special consideration. One totally deaf boy, he said, now is a senior at Harvard with high scholastic standing "and a girl in a similar predicament was able to major in a foreign language in another college."

The problem of dealing with the child who is slightly hard of hearing is even more difficult than that of training the totally deaf child, the conference was told. The public school make little provision for these children, who naturally are at a great disadvantage compared with their classmates.—*Ohio Chronicle*.

PROSPERITY AMONG SCHOOLS FOR THE DEAF

General prosperity for the country is reflected in new buildings for state schools for the deaf.

Alabama leads with \$300,000 for buildings for the deaf and blind. Next comes Washington state with \$225,000 for a new administration building.

The Maryland school is to have a new school building at a cost of \$70,000.

The North Dakota school is to have a new trades building to cost \$50,000.

A bill has been favorably reported allowing \$150,000 for a new trades-building for the Michigan school.

The New Mexico school has been allowed \$75,000 for a boy's dormitory.

The Oklahoma school is to have \$60,000 for a new gymnasium this year and \$100,000 for a Primary Hall next year.

At the Mt. Airy school, Philadelphia, the ground has been broken and work is well under way on the foundation for a new gymnasium. The structure will cost \$140,000.

The Idaho school has a \$161,242 building program.

The Florida school has just completed a magnificent boys' dormitory at a cost of \$100,000, and is at present building a similar building for the girls. Florida has a \$321,000 building program for the new year.

The North Carolina School for the Deaf has last year spent \$80,000 for permanent improvements—new boilers, a new trades building and equipment.—*Exchange*.

THE "RADIO EAR"

There is going the rounds of the newspapers of the country that E. V. Myers, of Pittsburg, has invented a "radio ear" that enables those who never heard to distinguish the sounds of words with the propensity that ere long they will be able to speak the same as the ordinary individual whose sense of hearing is perfect. It is said that the "radio ear" will be of great value in schools for the deaf, because the pupils will hear their own voices and thereby be educated to control them by imitating the speech of persons having normal hearing. It is not claimed that the art of reading lip motions will be advanced, as that is almost entirely dependent on eyesight and intensive training to translate the motions of the lips into the significance of spoken words.

However, though a deaf man will naturally be skeptical about the "radio ear," it really marks an advance that should bring us hope that the wheels of the world will not be muffled to all the deaf forever. Many ingenious theories have been evolved concerning the transmission of sound direct to the brain, and not by the complex auditory apparatus, and this new invention is along the line that gives at least some promise. With all the wonders that science has evolved during the past century, no one need be surprised at what the next century of time may bring.

Those who are totally deaf can get the vibrations of many sounds, but tone is absent. They can discriminate between the vibrations coming from a brass drum or a snare (or kettle) drum. When a window is violently closed or a door slammed, they can detect the difference. Also, almost every totally deaf person can place their hand on a large wooden table and feel a pin drop or the tapping of a lead pencil and know which is which.

But the vibrations of words can only be interpreted by the partly deaf, whose imperfect sense of hearing has been cultivated by expert teachers of the deaf.

Some day scientists will discover what makes this difference of vibratory effect upon totally and partly deaf people, and devise a way to bridge the gap so that their handicap will be so reduced as to be almost negligible.—*Editorial in Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

DEAF-MUTE ACTED OUT MURDER AND WAS FREED

Paris.—A murderer, perfectly sane, who could not comprehend ordinary court procedure and would not have been able to understand any sentence passed upon him, has presented the criminal court here with one of the most remarkable cases on record.

Jacques Devay, 24, was born deaf and never learned to talk. He could not read or write and never learned the sign language. He was otherwise mentally alert and enjoyed good health.

Devay was a tenant in a makeshift home of a man named Proust. Other occupants were a former singer and her daughter. Proust was given to spells of drinking. One night he came home in a bad temper and struck the girl. Devay attempted to calm him, but failed and finally produced a revolver and fired in the air. Proust was not intimidated and continued his abuse, whereupon Devay shot and killed him.

COULDN'T UNDERSTAND

When brought to trial Devay was unable to understand the interpreter for deaf-mutes. By using his own signs he was able to re-enact the scene of the shooting, first playing the part of Proust, going through the motions of drinking a bottle of wine and of beating a person, and then, in his own character, he moved arm as though firing a revolver. To distinguish between the parts, he placed one hand over one eye when acting as Proust, who was blind in one eye. He showed remarkable histrionic ability, the result of a life-time of motion-making.

But the court was lost when questions were put to the accused. A juror wanted to know if Devay intended to kill Proust or merely to stop the beating. The interpreter went through all sorts of motions to express the subtleties of this question but Devay couldn't get him. Other delicate legal points could not be cleared up.

Finally Attorney Allehaut, for the defense, pointed out that the jury must return a verdict of acquittal, because proper evidence could not be taken, that the man could not communicate with his peers. The court agreed and the jury acquitted the accused. The interpreter made gestures to indicate the freedom of the great open spaces, and Devay got these without any difficulty.—*Clipped.*

THE DEAF OF INDIA

One of the most familiar sights in India is the wayside beggar; he or she is to be found in every thorough-fare and outside every place of worship. The beggar's professional whine is one of the most aggravating sounds ever invented. Often it will be noticed that the usual formula in the usual whine is replaced by uncouth and meaningless sounds, for the suppliant is a deaf-mute.

India has many sufferers, but it is not often realized how large a number of them are deaf-mutes nor how hard is their lot. Silence is almost unknown in that vast land, for if human sounds cease, the animal world and the teeming insect life take up the chorus; but to all this there are thousands of ears forever deaf. The last census gave the total number of deaf-mutes as 189,644, of whom 114,249 were males and 75,395

females; one who has known India for many years points out that this is probably an underestimate, since this represents only those known to the enumerators; and it would probably be safe to add another fifty per cent.

It is interesting to note that whereas between ages of 5 and 15 there are 30,228 boys and 19,898 girls between the ages of 15 and 20 the numbers are respectively 11,872 and 7,549. This seems to point to the fact that deaf-mutes are not wanted.

In England with its centuries of Christian traditions, one can take for granted that special care will be lavished on the afflicted; but in the East this is not the case. Mohammedans look upon deaf-mutes as accursed, while the Hindus assume that they are expiating sins committed in some former existence, and that they deserve all they get. As far as one can gather, no general attempt is made to teach or train them, and if they survive the hardships of the first few years they mostly swell the ranks of the beggars and live on the generosity of the passer-by.

For various reasons very little has so far been done to improve their condition. Most Europeans in the East are fully occupied with their own, and whereas nobody can help being struck by the appalling number of blind people in India, it is possible to be quite unconscious to the existence of deaf-mutes who, it seems, are fairly evenly distributed throughout the land. Moreover, the Church Missionary Society and others who are alive to the need are at present unable for lack of funds to launch any fresh venture.

Two facts emerge from any study of the subject; one is that the need is tremendous; the other, that the work is well worth doing.

Dr. Forchhammer has said that "there is nothing in the brain of the deaf to prevent them from learning to speak just as correctly as those who hear," and this has been abundantly proved in the few schools for the deaf-mutes that already exist in India. The general opinion is that not only are they as intelligent as the average normal child, but if anything they are more intelligent, what they lose in one direction being made up to them in another. They can be trained to lip-read and to speak, though the latter is a very long and tedious process, sometimes taking as long as ten years. They readily take to composing, mat-making, knitting and other manual work, and can be turned out useful members of the community. It is probable that if new methods of teaching were introduced, so that by use of apparatus class teaching could take the place of individual work, not only could larger numbers be helped, but the time taken in teaching could be greatly reduced.

There are at present fourteen institutions in India, of which some are municipal, some private, some mission; but these schools cater for only 475 children between the ages of 5 and 15, so that one per cent of the deaf-mute children are being educated.

Work for deaf-mutes is recognized as specially difficult and expensive, but difficulty is not a reason that should hinder the Christian Church when once she has understood the need and heard the call to help.—*Gladys I. Mather in the Record.*

WORSHIP BY SIGNS FAVORED

BY THE DEAF

Lip reading is unlikely ever to displace sign language in the conduct of public worship for the deaf, is the opinion of delegates to the Conference of Church Workers Among the Deaf, which is being held in connection with the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Despite discordant notes sounded by some churchmen that the sign language is "unscientific, unsatisfactory, conspicuous, and self conscious," discussion at the conference, it was said, revealed an overwhelming opinion that years of experience have proved nothing can take the place of the sign language in public meetings of the deaf and particularly with respect to public worship.

During Friday evening's session of the conference which is being held in St. Mark's Church, Third and A streets southeast, "Lip Reading versus Sign Language" formed the principal basis of discussion. Nearly all the "silent missionaries," most of whom are graduates of Gallaudet College in Washington, registered in favor of the sign language as the best adaptable to public meetings. Some of the missionaries expressed the belief that lip-reading has been generally misrepresented to the public and declare the results are disproportionate as to the time and effort in learning this form of communication.

The deaf are not unreasonably opposed to speech and lip reading, it was pointed out. They advocate it for deafened and hard of hearing, for those who lost their hearing at an age that permits even a faint appreciation of sound and for those with keen eyesight and a genius or perception.

What they do oppose, it was said in their behalf, is the "sacrifice of the highest possibilities of education and training to the Moloch of Oralism which makes a fetish of the mouthway gate to the mud."

The Silent Missionary, official organ of the conference, has this to say about the movement to abolish sign language as a medium of communication in place of public worship:

"The moment the sign language of the deaf is effectively abandoned or abolished in favor of speech and lip-reading, the Protestant-Episcopal Church and likewise all other churches of Christendom will be obliged to close their doors to the deaf and forego their splendid pastoral services and preaching in their behalf. The experiment of holding oral services for the deaf, both in and outside of the school for the deaf, has been tried with attendant failure.

A survey of the church work among the deaf, made for the first time on behalf of the Episcopal church, it was revealed at yesterday morning's session of the conference, shows remarkable progress in the growth of mission work and also in the number of deaf communicants of the Episcopal Church.

This was emphasized by Rev. Oliver J. Whildin, of Baltimore, president of the conference, who was the principal speaker.

Conditions, nevertheless, are not entirely satisfactory in the mission field. President Whildin pointed out, since it is far too large for most effective work. Some

of the mission districts for the deaf comprise six states with a result, he said, too much time is spent in traveling from place to place.—*Ohio Chronicle*.

FIRST ULSTER VISIT DEAF AND DUMB CONFERENCE

It is compulsory in Northern Ireland that deaf and dumb children should be sent to school, either to an ordinary P.E. school or, if the child is incapable of going there, as is often the case, to a special school like the Ulster Institution for the Education of Deaf, Dumb, and Blind in Belfast.

The delegates from all over the British Isles, who will be attending the first conference in connection with the care of deaf-mutes ever held in Belfast next week, will have an opportunity of seeing one aspect of education at the reception in the Mission Hall for the Deaf and Dumb, College Square, to be given there this evening. This particular aspect is the educational value of properly organized recreation for the adult deaf and dumb, who in bygone days lost a great deal of inherent intelligence, because they were cut off from recreation either among themselves or in association with normal people.

A "Belfast Telegraph" representative attended the dress rehearsal at the Mission Hall on Friday evening. The entire entertainment, which lasted over an hour, was given by the deaf-mutes, not from the school, but living at their own homes and working in the city. One had an opportunity of seeing how these people, deprived of two of the most important senses of the normal human being, are taught to develop other senses.

Perhaps the most interesting parts of the programme were the dances. We dance to the sound of music and a developed sense of rhythm. How does one develop the sense of rhythm in a person who cannot hear? The dance included an Irish reel, an eight hand reel, a sailor's hornpipe, and other country dances. They were exceedingly good and the performers obviously enjoyed themselves. There was no music, but time was kept.

The only guide on which the dancers could rely was an electric metronome, an ingenious device which switched on and off alternately a green and red light by the swing of the pendulum. This metronome was invented by Mrs. A. P. Magill, organiser of the entertainment.

The other part of the programme was a series of tableaux, again every performer a deaf-mute, illustrative of scenes in Irish history. The first showed the "Great Countess," Lady Margaret Bulter teaching her five sisters to weave and embroider. She was the mother of the linen industry in Ireland. A second tableaux showed the marriage of Con O'Neill, bearing the red hand on his shield, to his cousin Alice, daughter of Garret More Fitzgerald. Other phases of Irish history were also illustrated. A harvest scene was picturesque but more English in type.

The tableaux were well thought out and staged very effective and elastic even for normal amateurs. The interest however lay in the performers who did not all impress the spectators as being "afflicted," but very intelligent and interested in what they were doing. The stage fixtures, curtains and so on were manipulated

by the deaf-mutes in a highly satisfactory manner.

The tableaux were well thought out by Mrs. A. P. Magill with whom are associated Mrs. Rowland Hill and Miss Worwall, while Miss Hogg trained the dancers.

An elaborate programme has been arranged for the coming week. Mr. E. Ayliffe, president of the British Deaf and Dumb Association, will attend the conference. Mr. C. A. Montgomery is chairman of the Welcome Committee in Belfast and the Rev. H. O. Lindsay hon. secretary.—*Belfast Telegraph*, Aug. 4, 1928.

A DEAF GIRL ON THE STAGE

Miss Joann Laurens has been dancing in the Theatre the past week.

She honored the school by a few visits and was very popular with all of our people.

Many of the children have gone to see her dance.

She is a fine looking girl, talks well and reads the lips.

She is a product of the Mt. Airy School.

The fame she has attained on the stage has not interfered with her love for Schools for the Deaf. For this reason she made some visits here and appeared to be glad to do so.

We all tried to make her feel at home.
—*Ohio Chronicle*.

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for the Deaf

Published every two months

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Mr. Barham of Louisiana

By C. S. Williams



IN THE fall of 1899 there appeared on Kendall Green along with the rest of the class of 1904, a rugged, long-haired young man,—a product of the Louisiana school. He was of pleasing appearance, and proved to be of congenial disposition. These qualities quickly installed him as a prime favorite, both with his classmates and with the Uppers.

He also made good on the gridiron. For two seasons he played full-back behind Andree and Waters.

It was during his first year that Gallaudet, under the clever captain and quarter-back, Owen G. Carrell 1900, jabbed an ice-pick into the Southern sporting world by defeating the University of Virginia team by the score of 11 to 5.

(This and Gallaudet's late victory over Georgetown, were the two outstanding games of that period.)

Sometime in his second year the young Louisianian found himself so weakened by a siege of typhoid fever that he was obliged to leave college.

His fellow-students voted Gray Barham an all-round good fellow and mourned him like a lost brother.

Young Mr. Barham left Kendall Green firmly determined to return at the earliest possible opportunity.

When he arrived back in his native state, however, he was brought to realize that he had other interests in life.

He found that the winsome Agnes McIntosh was ready and willing to cast her fortunes with her childhood sweetheart as soon as he could provide a home for her.

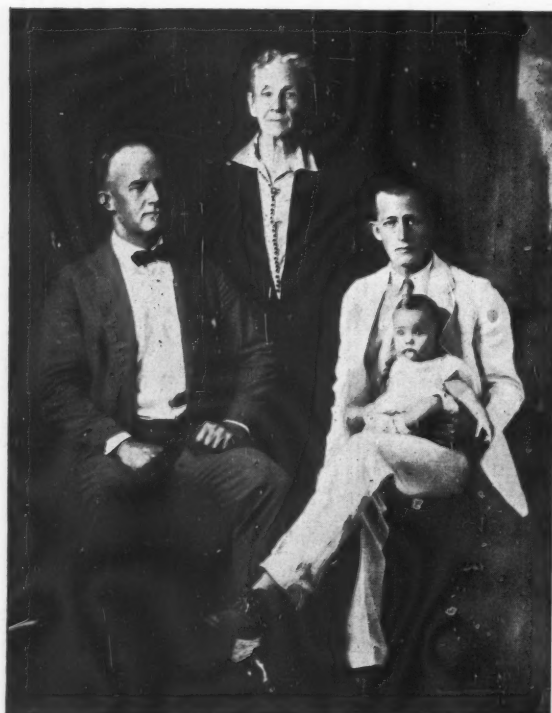
From that moment his visions of returning to Kendall

Green became a fond memory. He now had before him a more attractive picture,—a home of his own shared by Agnes McIntosh.

His first endeavors towards the winning of that home



Emma Ruth, only daughter of Mr. G. G. and Mrs. Barham. Popular Soph at State Normal College, Natchitoches, La.



Four generations—Mother Barham, G. G. Barham and G. G.'s son and grandson.

were not highly encouraging. Nothing better offering, he went to work as a carpenter at the small pay of \$1.50 per day.

There was a brick-mason building a chimney to the house upon which he was employed. Being a congenial soul at work as well as at play, young Barham made friends with this brick-mason. He learned, much to his surprise, that the man handling bricks was making \$7 to \$8 per day. Knowing of no other line of mechanics which brought a good pay, Barham made a bargain with his new-found friend.

For six months thereafter he worked for this brick-layer without one dollar of pay.

Looking back at the matter today Mr. Barham considers it as good an investment as he ever made.

After perfecting his knowledge of the work for ten years, he took to contracting. In the early days as a contractor he was very successful in his bids.

Among many other structures which he put up under contract is the \$70,000.00 school building at Mer Rouge.

Then came the finding of gas and oil around Monroe. With it came a great building boom.

And with this building boom came great northern contracting corporations with the backing of millions. The young contractor soon found himself consistently underbid. Warned by his observation of how many a

brother contractor had amassed a fortune, only to lose it in his later years on careless or unlucky bids, Barham refused to take any risks and continued to bid at safe figures.

A local contractor who stakes his all on a lone bid has no chance against the big corporations which can lose in one state and recoup in another.

Confronted by this situation, Mr. Barham went back to laying bricks himself. He had recovered from the effects of his long siege of fever and once more relished working with his hands as well as with his head.

It was not long before his work attracted the attention of the big contractors and he was offered the position of foreman. He made good, but, also, he complains that, while the foreman receives \$15 per day while the bricklayers get \$14, there are days when he is so foot-sore and weary from running over the buildings that he wishes

daughter, who is now attending State Normal College.

Since his withdrawal from Gallaudet Mr. Barham has been one of the main-stays of the Louisiana Association of



Residence of G. G. Barham, Monroe, La.

the Deaf, and handled the recent convention with exceptional success in his home town. Despite his protests, he was forced to accept the presidency of this association.

At his leisure, Barham is an ardent sportsman, patronizing all athletic contests, baseball, football, wrestling and boxing, but his favorite sport is hunting. He has bred and trained some of the finest bird dogs in the country.

"No one likes to talk to a deaf man," says Judge Dupre, of Opelousas, La., who got his start in the legal profession before he lost his hearing.

Mr. Barham, on the other hand, has discovered that prominent affairs in his state are glad to go hunting with a deaf man who has exceptionally well trained dogs and knows how to handle a gun.

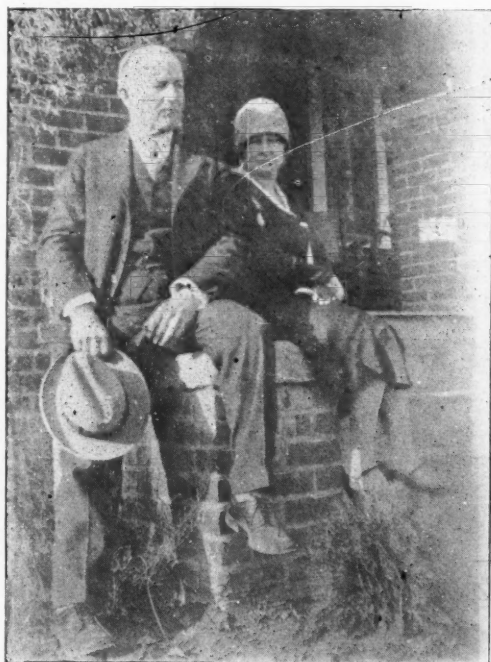
This, together with having met other prominent citizens of the state in his capacity of foreman of bricklayers working on public buildings, which prominent citizens include ex-governors Heard, Hall, Pleasant and Parker, has made him capable of exerting personal influence in many matters relating to the deaf which have been before our state legislature.

Mr. Barham first met our present governor, Huey Long, when Mr. Long was a barefoot boy working as a printer's devil at Winnfield, La.

Among the deaf themselves, in my eleven years of residence in this state, I have never met one who has had an unfriendly word for Mr. Barham.

"He does his work and tries to give some one else credit for it," said one of them, expressing the consensus of opinion.

Although Bob White is Mr. Barham's favorite game,



Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Barham on their 25th wedding anniversary

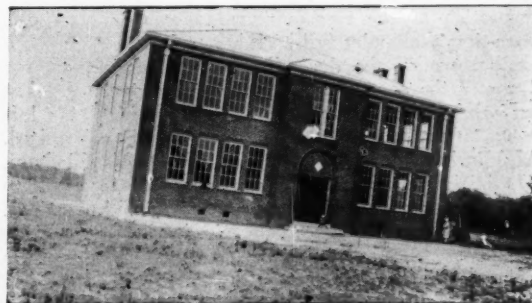
he could stand still and lay bricks for less than he is getting.

There are redeeming features about being a foreman, however. For instance, he has just completed a two year contract under which he received his \$15 straight every legal working day in the year, while the brick-masons received pay only when they were actually working, leaving many idle days due to bad weather, lack of materials, etc.

I am told that Mr. Barham is conceded in the trade to have served as foreman in the construction of more buildings, especially public buildings, than any other foreman in North Louisiana.

It was on February 3, 1904, that Gray Barham married Agnes McIntosh.

Mrs. Barham, a hearing lady, and the daughter of a landed physician, has been of untold value to her husband as interpreter, secretary and phone girl, in addition to being a loyal wife in other respects. Their marriage is of one of the comparatively rare instances where the union of the deaf and the hearing has turned out happily. Four children have been born to this union, three sons and a



Mer Rouge School House costing \$25,000

he has bagged all the big game native to the Louisiana wilds, with the exception of the bear.

He accounts for this by the fact that the bear has long

since grown too wise to venture forth in the day-time.

As all honest naturalists will testify, the stealthy panther retreats to remote regions before the advance of man. Yet Barham has bagged his panther.

It happened in the fall of 1910. There was a record-breaking drought, during which Big Creek, along which



Three stores at Oak Ridge costing \$20,000 to build lies what was one of Theodore Roosevelt's favorite Southern hunting grounds, practically dried up.

The swamps also dried up, leaving a few small water holes here and there.

One afternoon Barham, with a noted hunter as guide, penetrated into the cypress swamps twenty miles from the nearest village. Between two enormous cypress roots, which screened him from view from either side, Barham took his post before a water hole, while his guide went on to another.

For two hours Barham sat with gun cocked.

Numerous squirrels came to drink and scampered away. Now and then a wild hog came to drink. But the hunter, with visions of a big buck or two, held his peace.

At nearly sundown, out of the corner of his eye he detected a figure moving slowly into his field of vision. He could not determine what it was until directly before him, at the edge of the water hole, crouched a full-grown panther, most unexpected game. Barham took quick aim and fired. With the incredible agility of the big cats, the panther cleared the small pool and disappeared among the huge cypress roots beyond. Almost simultaneously, Barham did some incredible leaping on his own account.

He knew well that the ferocity of the panther is greatly exaggerated in the public mind, yet he did not care to be caught alone with one of them in the twilight. Attracted by the shot, his guide met him and stopped his frantic flight.

Together they cautiously reconnoitered.

Fifty feet from where the panther had leaped they found it dead among the cypress roots.

Inspection of the carcass revealed what a close call the one-time Gallaudet full-back had.

Only three of the dozen buck-shot from the charge had struck the cougar, and of these only one had taken effect where it might prove fatal. The panther's left side was turned toward the hunter at time he fired.

Mr. Barham made a present of the skin to his old chum, A. J. Sullivan, 1896, who is now supposed to use it to warm his feet when he climbs out of bed of cold mornings.

(Most people who know the city-bred Mr. Sullivan would imagine that contact with the hide of such a ferocious wild beast as the puma would make his feet cold instead of warming them.)

It is no reflection on Mr. Barham's courage that he declares he was thoroughly scared on finding himself faced by a dangerous beast of prey in the heart of a cypress swamp and in the gathering dusk, where he was looking for the timorous deer.

One of the first bits of under-graduate history which I heard on Kendall Green had to do with Barham and the treacherous ice on the Tidal Basin, West of the Washington monument.

A crowd of college skaters were on the ice, when the ice, true to fixed habit, gave way. One of the girls went under and Barham, jumping in the icy waters, bore her back, to safety, bundled her into a cab and took her back to the East Wing.

Barham's own version of the affair is that he had to go under solid ice to locate the lady, but was fortunate enough to grasp her in such manner that her struggles did not greatly interfere with his own movements.

As Barham told the tale, it seemed that he had more solicitude for the poor cabbie than for himself or the girl.

It was in the days of the horse-drawn cab, when the driver was perched high up between horse and cab, where he could catch all the bad water coming to him. Arriving at the college door, Barham remembered that he had a five-dollar bill in the watch pocket of his trousers. When he reached for it he found the pocket and the bill securely frozen together.

So he was obliged to stand against a radiator for some time before the pocket and the five-spot thawed apart—the while the poor cabbie shivered on his perch.

Attending Gallaudet College

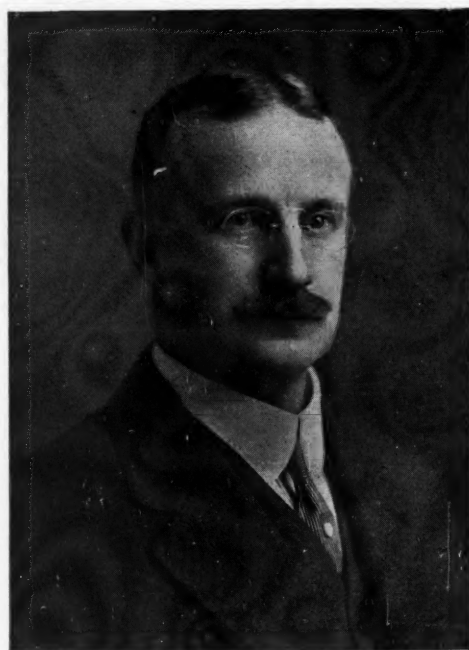


Mabel Morton (Left) and Grace Davis, graduates of the Texas School for the Deaf in 1925. Miss Grace Davis who is now attending Gallaudet College is the daughter of Mr. W. H. Davis who graduated from that college in 1899. Mr. Davis is the agent of Texas for the Edward Miner Gallaudet Memorial Fund and has carried over the large quota

Henry L. Stafford Dies In Africa

OUR friend George R. Wallin of Duluth sent us a clipping from the *Duluth News-Tribune* of March 25, telling of the death of Henry L. Stafford at Tunis, Africa. The date, as far as we can gather from the clipping, was Sunday, March 24. No particulars as to illness and funeral arrangements were given.

In the long list of able deaf men of America Henry



Henry L. Stafford

L. Stafford's name is among the first. His early home was in Michigan, and he lost his hearing at the age of five. He received instruction in speech and lip-reading from Alexander Graham Bell and Sarah Fuller. He pursued the course of Gallaudet College and graduated with honor with the Class of 1893. For some years he was engaged in railroad work in a clerical capacity. Then he moved to Duluth, where for fifteen years he was employed in the office of the Oliver Mining Company. For several years past he had spent most of his time in Africa, aiding in scientific research. Enclosed with the clipping in Mr. Wallin's letter was a picture post card written by Mr. Stafford, on which he sent Christmas and New Year greetings to Mr. Wallin. The card was dated December 16, and in closing, Mr. Stafford said that he expected to remain in Tunis until spring, when he planned to return to America for the summer and fall. But Providence decreed otherwise.

All here at the school regret to hear of the passing of Mr. Stafford. A little more than a year ago, during our Christmas vacation, he was a visitor with us, and one evening in the auditorium he gave the school a most interesting and instructive talk about life in North Africa.

—*Minnesota Companion.*

The most uncommon thing among objectors of athletics is common sense.

Montana Deaf Lobbying for a Good Cause

DURING the session of the Montana Legislature, just closed, an effort was made to segregate the school for the deaf and blind from the institution for feeble-minded, all three grouped at Boulder. Montana, we believe, is the only state in the union where the deaf and blind enjoy so close an association with the feeble-minded.

The deaf of Montana made strenuous efforts to put a bill through that would effect this separation.

Here is a picture of the bunch of workers who came very near accomplishing their purpose. The Bill had reached third reading in the Senate when it was defeated 29 to 26.



Left to right—Mrs. Alto, Mr. Kemp, Mr. Low, Mrs. Brown (near) Mr. O' Donnell (head turned), Miss Hazeltine (in light coat, front), Miss McKinnon, Miss Stimson (the reason O' Donnell's head was turned), Mrs. Kemp, Mr. Howard (called in to man the heavy artillery.)



Mrs. Louis Neal Curtis, of Lawrence, Kansas, widow of Mr. Charles Clark Curtis, uncle and namesake of our new Vice-President. The flowers were the gift of the then Senator Curtis to his Aunt on the occasion of his formal notification of his nomination as Republican Candidate for Vice-President

Three Additions to New York's Deaf Society



*Mabel C. Armstrong
Gallaudet, 1928
Boise, Idaho*



*Mrs. Dorothy Davies
Recently of Oklahoma*

A. L. PACH, PHOTO.



*Lillian Bainter
Gallaudet, 1928
Baltimore, M. D.*

DAWN

PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR

An angel, robed in spotless white,
Bent down and kissed the sleeping Night.
Night woke to blush; the sprite was gone.
Men saw the blush and called it Dawn.



*Charles Wesley Lawritsen, at the age of one. Son of
Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Lawritsen, of Faribault,
Minn.*

IN JULY

K. W. L.

To the march of languid my soul moves along;
It is content to plod on the plain.
No more it aspires to empyreal spheres of song,
To consort with the winds and the rain.

The perfume of the poppies seems shed upon the meads,
Around these reaches of ripening land:
I may not see the face of her who ever leads
My soul onward with beckoning hand.

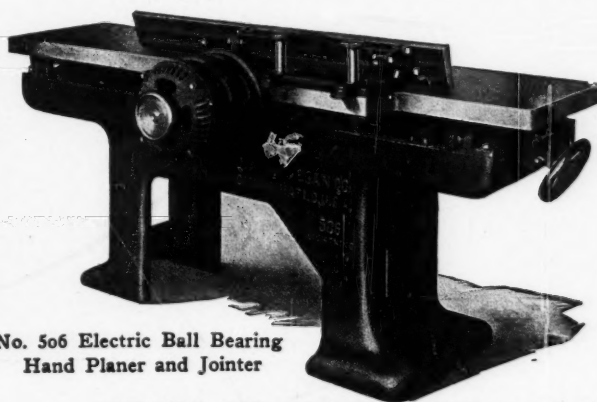
Yet I follow and shall follow until life fails,
That silent-shape which wanders along
Bright, blossoming hedges that open to meadow trails,
Remote from the haunted heights of song.



*R. E. Lawrence Smythe, holidaying at Point au
Chene, Quebec, Canada, with his favorite mount,
"Tour."*

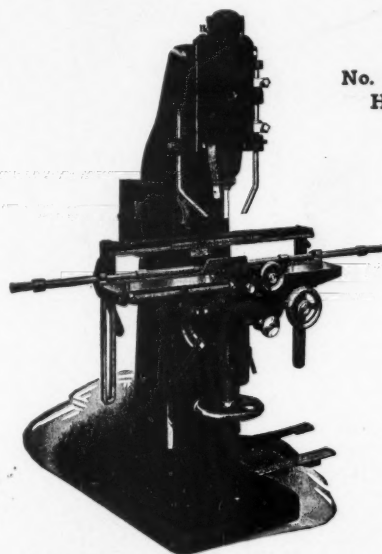
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SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

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SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

Cave Spring, Georgia.

SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

Jacksonville, Illinois.

SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

Portland, Maine.

SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

Flint, Michigan.

SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

Jackson, Mississippi.

SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

Trenton, New Jersey.

SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

Devils Lake, North Dakota.

SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

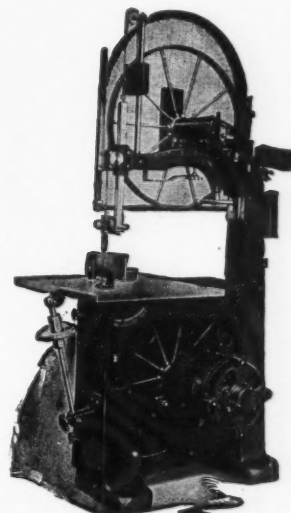
Columbus, Ohio.

SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

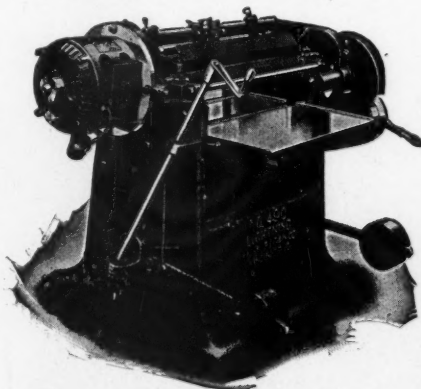
Newport News, Virginia.

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No. 50 Electric Ball Bearing
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Totally enclosed variable speed A.
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The Man Who Has Won

I WANT to walk by the side of the man who has suffered and
seen and knows,
Who has measured his pace on the battle line and given and
taken the blows.
Who has never whined when the scheme went wrong nor scoffed at
the failing plan—
But taken his dose with a heart of trust and the faith of a gentleman;
Who has parried and struck and sought and given and scarred with
a thousand spears—
Can lift his head to the stars of heaven and isn't ashamed of his tears.

I want to grasp the hand of the man who has been through it all and
seen,
Who has walked with the night of an unseen dread and stuck to the
world-machine;
Who has bared his breast to the winds of dawn and thirsted and
starved and felt
The sting and the bite of the bitter blasts that the mouths of the
foul have dealt;
Who was tempted and fell, and rose again, and has gone on trusty
and true,
With God supreme in his manly heart and his courage burning anew.

I'd give my all—be it little or great—to walk by his side today.
To stand up there with the man who has known the bite of the
burning fray,
Who has gritted his teeth and clinched his fist, and gone on doing his
best,
Because of the love for his fellowman and the faith in his manly
breast.
I would love to walk with him, hand in hand, together journey along,
For the man who has fought and struggled and won is the man who
can make men strong.

Anonymous

